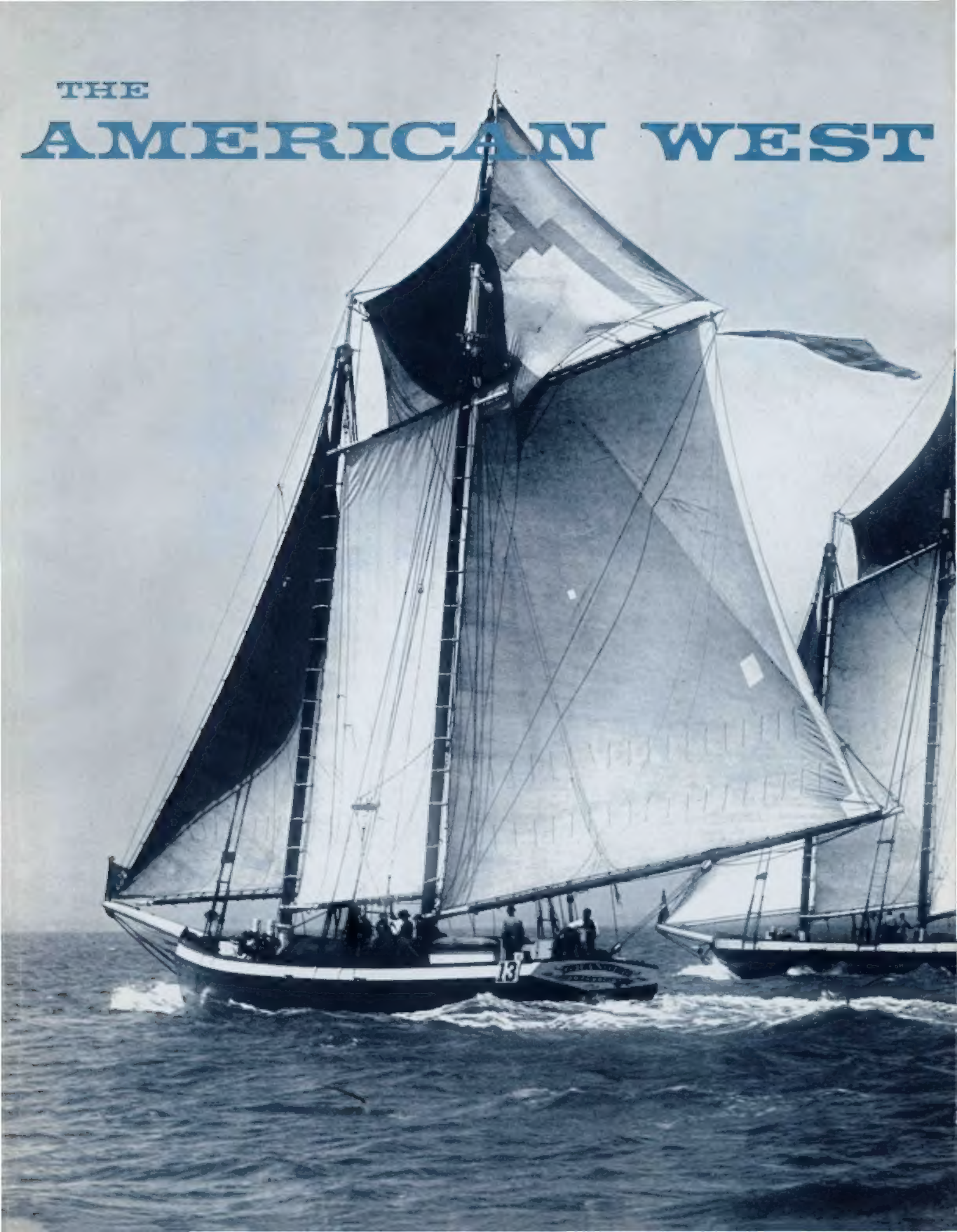
THE

AMERICAN WEST



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THE AMERICAN WEST

Magazine of the Western History Association

Summer 1964, Volume I, Number 3

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Navajos near Goulding's Trading Post, Monument Valley, Utah. Typical of the illustrations in the forthcoming book, Standing Up Country *by C. Gregory Crampton (Alfred A. Knopf and the University of Utah Press in association with the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, 1964).*

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Canton as a deputy United States marshal for Alaska.

FRONTIER LAWMAN

BY WILLIAM GARDNER BELL

1

What I shall write in this life story will be the plain uncolored truth...

. . . thus began Frank M. Canton with a flourish of objectivity as he sat down—in 1908 as near as can be determined—to reconstruct the details of his long career as a peace officer on the western frontier.

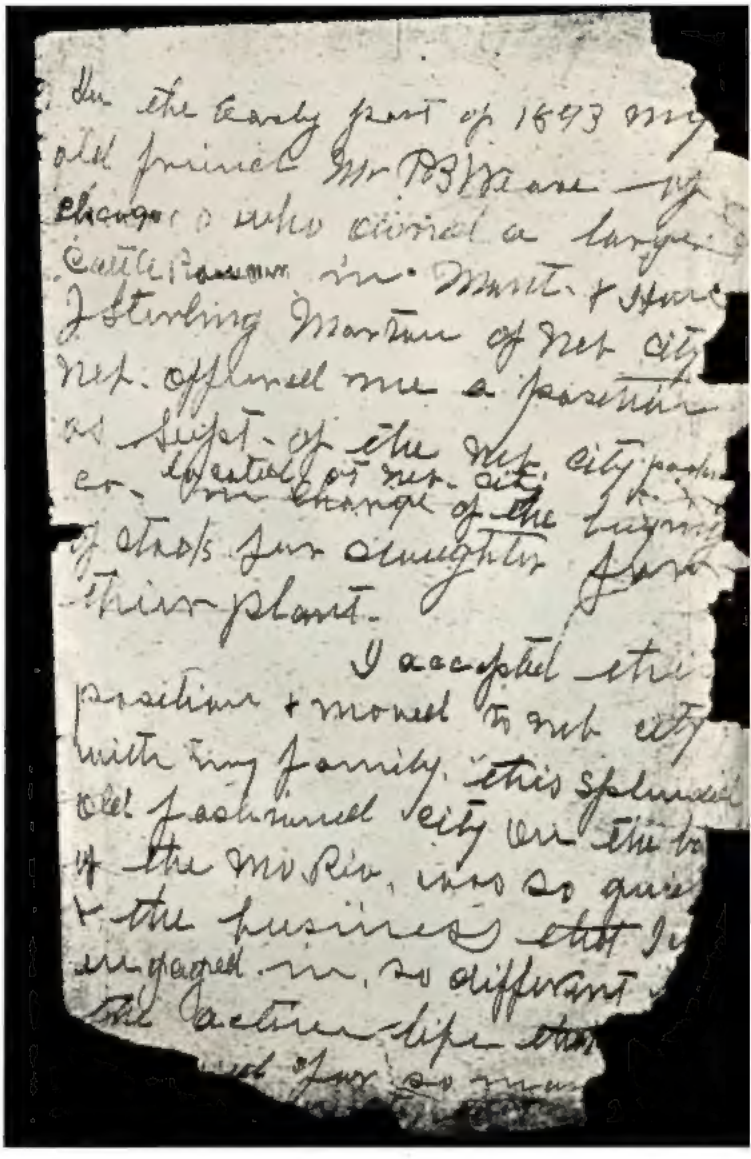
His adopted state, Oklahoma, had only recently achieved statehood, and Canton had been rewarded for his services to the territory by appointment as adjutant general of its National Guard. Settled in the tame and comfortable surroundings of the capital, in an atmosphere of respectability and authority, Canton must have known a sense of fulfillment as he addressed the task of recounting the story of a checkered past. When he finished the job, he had filled five thick notebooks in his sprawling hand.

The books were found when his private papers were deposited with the University of Oklahoma for safekeeping soon after his death in 1927. Their importance was quickly recognized, and Professor Edward Everett Dale began preparing the material for publication. The autobiography of Frank M. Canton was published in 1930. Titled *Frontier Trails*, it relates his colorful experiences on a wild border extending from the Rio Grande to the Yukon.

It is perhaps expecting too much of human nature to suppose that any man possessed of the normal admixture of egoism, certitude, vanity, guile, delusion and imagination is capable of exposing his past with complete candor. Frank Canton speaks always in a righteous cause. Balanced against other sources, his account is revealing not only for its general interpretations but for its deliberate omissions as well.

To begin with, Frank Canton was not his real name, and he fails to set the record straight on this point and on the reason for the change. He was born Joseph Horner in Virginia, not far from Richmond, in 1849. His father was a peripatetic doctor who at one time or another also practiced in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and Indiana. The family was at Ozark, Missouri, when the Civil War broke out, and Dr. Horner joined the Confederate forces as a surgeon and died of wounds received in battle. When Joe's older brother, John Wesley Horner, returned from service in the rebel ranks, the brothers moved the family to Denton County, Texas, where a married sister resided.

On the heels of the Civil War, the Lone Star State was an unsettled region of Indians, buffalo, cattle, cowboys, desperadoes—a wild environment for a teen-age lad deprived of the stabilizing influence of a father. Joe Horner took to the life of the cowboy and from the hands on the ranches learned to ride, rope and shoot.



Sample page from Frank M. Canton's handwritten autobiography, which was edited by Edward Everett Dale and published in 1930 as Frontier Trails.

The era of the great cattle drives was opening, and the lure of the trail gripped young Horner. He needed no urging when Burk Burnett asked him to join in trailing a herd of fifteen hundred head north to Abilene, Kansas. The year was '69, and the drive, characterized by the

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hardship and perils of the wilderness, was exciting enough for any adventurous soul, so much so that the young drover hired on with another outfit trailing into Nebraska. There he established a nodding acquaintance with a section of country that a decade later would beckon strongly—although for reasons other than those author Canton avows.

After spending the winter of '69–'70 at home, Joe Horner left Denton County for Jack and Young counties to the west, arriving about the time the Kiowa and Comanche Indians jumped the Fort Sill Reservation and raided northern Texas. In the spring of '71 a large band under Satanta, Satank, and Big Tree attacked and burned a government wagon train on Salt Creek Prairie west of Jacksboro, killing eight men. General W. T. Sherman ordered the three chiefs arrested and turned over to the civil authorities at Jacksboro for trial. Satank was killed attempting escape, but Satanta and Big Tree were delivered at Jacksboro, and Joe Horner, the future Frank Canton, had his first opportunity to serve the law. The prisoners were jailed at Fort Richardson, an army post near town, and Sheriff Lee Crutchfield, respecting Horner's skill with weapons, selected him to escort the two Indians to and from court during a week-long trial.

Several authors have suggested that Joe Horner was a Ranger during this period. The records of the Texas Rangers fail to substantiate this, nor does Canton in his life story mention an association with this force for which he expressed on occasions a great admiration.

The year 1874 was a turning point in Joe Horner's life. By this time he had entered the cattle business with a friend Bill Cotman. He must have been an effective member of the partnership, for Jack County records reveal several charges against Joe Horner for cattle theft. In any case, Cotman and Horner furnished beef for the army post at Jacksboro.

Fort Richardson, established in 1867 as a cavalry post to protect the settlers from Indians, was garrisoned for the most part by Negro soldiers, and as is so often the case, relations between the military and the civilians of the nearby community were far from harmonious. In 1872 the soldiers had threatened to burn this "town of infamy" over its citizens' heads.

This was the general climate on October 10, 1874, when Joe Horner, taking refreshment in a Jacksboro saloon, was informed by several soldiers that he would stand a round of drinks—or else! Horner refused. Guns were drawn, and when the shooting was over one man was dead and Private George Smith of I Troop, 10th Cavalry, was on the way to the post hospital with wounds that would lead to a disability discharge. In a running fight Horner shot his way out of town and free of a pursuing detail of soldiers. Joe Horner disappeared from Texas and Frank Canton appeared in Nebraska.

There is a gap of seven years in Frank Canton's autobiography. His personal account is interrupted in 1871 after the Indian trial at Jacksboro, Texas, and is resumed, with an apparently conscious transition, in 1878 when he departs Texas in charge of an outfit trailing twenty-five hundred head of cattle to Ogallala, Nebraska. It is probable that the nature of events in his life led to a deliberate omission. The grand jury indictment returned against Joe Horner in the Private Smith case was not the first; there is an earlier one for assault with intent to murder one Ed Harris. The newspaper *Frontier Echo* places him in Marshal Gilson's jail on one occasion and in another reports him in trouble in Dodge City. Although Horner probably left the Jacksboro area after the October, 1874 shooting, he may have remained in Texas until 1878 engaged in dubious pursuits. In correspondence with the United States Attorney General in Washington some years later, U. S. Marshal Chris Madsen of Oklahoma noted that Horner had been known as the "Lone Highwayman" in Texas, where he escaped from the penitentiary. One source reveals that a Joe Horner with brother George [John?] robbed a bank at Comanche, Texas, early in 1877, was captured, tried, and escaped. Another states that in May, 1877, a Joe Horner and three companions were arrested by Ranger Lee Hall and returned to Maverick County where they were wanted. While it is difficult to verify that this is our Joe Horner, it is a distinct possibility, given the facts as we know them. In any case, quite apart from the speculative points, it is unlikely that Canton would have revealed the negative history in his autobiography.

There is a history of interchangeability between law and lawlessness in our American West. Courage and skill with weapons were common on both sides, and not a few individuals demonstrated a rare agility and versatility in crossing the line, although it is probably fair to say that more outlaws became lawmen than the other way around. Enforcing the law was a chancy business, and lawmen possessing the ideal mixture of morality,

fearlessness, and a fast gun were not always easy to come by. Thus it was sometimes necessary to turn to those whose morals were questionable but who found money, power, and authority sufficiently appealing to enlist their guts and guns on the side of law. There is evidence that Frank Canton fits the category nicely.

In 1878 Canton took a position with the Wyoming Stock Raisers' Association as a field inspector. He was sent to Montana, with headquarters at Miles City, and held a commission concurrently as deputy sheriff of Custer County. With a territory including a large section of the Yellowstone country and the Crow Indian Reservation, Canton's task was to "take charge of the criminal work on the range, protect the interests of Association members, recover stolen property, and furnish evidence against stock thieves."

Canton in his memoirs describes only briefly his experiences in this assignment. He does, however, lament the excess of criminal elements and the shortage of lawmen. Significantly, he praises the vigilantes and rancher Granville Stuart and his cowboys for cleaning up the Montana range. This approval of extra-legal methods—of private citizens taking the law into their own hands—effectively prefaces his own later actions.

Still in the employ of the Wyoming Stock Association, Canton in 1880 moved to Johnson County, Wyoming Territory, and settled on 480 acres of land at the base of the Big Horn Mountains, a dozen miles west of the county seat, Buffalo, to farm and raise stock. Apparently he impressed his fellow citizens, for only two years later they elected him sheriff of Johnson County.

Now in his early thirties, Frank Canton was an imposing figure of a man. Tall and ramrod straight, with stern features, an even voice, piercing eyes, and a broad mouth partially obscured by the handlebar mustache of the day, he inspired respect if not fear in those around him. Skill with horses and guns combined with the look, the bearing, and the personality of the man to personify the authority so necessary in maintaining law and order in a wild region.

His was a huge jurisdiction; and Canton appointed an undersheriff, John McDermott, to handle the office at Buffalo, and eighteen deputies to work with him in the field. His early preoccupation was with stage robbers of the Big-nose George ilk, and shortly after that individual was killed and his gang broken up, Canton captured the troublesome highwayman Bill Brown and his partner. Road agentry abated thereafter, even as rustling was spreading over the region.

Far west of Buffalo and the Powder River country, beyond the continental divide but still within Wyoming's western boundary, is Jackson Hole. This wonder work of nature in the heart of the Rockies has had more than a passing identification with men called Jackson. It was named for one of the greats of the fur trade, David Jackson. Its beauty was later a subject for the renowned pioneer photographer and painter, William H. Jackson. In the early 1880's it served as a rendezvous for its most notorious badman, Teton Jackson.

When he took refuge behind the Teton Mountains in Jackson Hole, this outlaw had piled up a long record of offenses including robbery and murder. There was a sizable price on his head, but Teton had protective contacts in remote settlements that made it difficult to catch up with him. Backed by a dozen hard cases, Teton used Jackson Hole as a base of operations for horse-stealing raids into Idaho. Doctoring brands and holding the stock in the Hole until he had a good herd, Teton then trailed them over the divide and through the Big Horn country to the lucrative horse market created by the gold fields in the Black Hills. He was engaged in this activity when he ran afoul of Sheriff Canton of Johnson County. Canton had been laying for Jackson, whom he classed as "a most dangerous and vicious character."

One day the lawmen received a telegram from a fellow officer in Blackfoot, Idaho, reporting a recent raid by Jackson in that area and word that the outlaw had been seen heading toward the Big Horn Basin. Canton moved into action.

Forty miles from Buffalo, across the Big Horns and at the mouth of Paint Rock Creek Canyon in the Basin, was the cabin of an old hunter and trapper named Lucas, whom Canton suspected as a link in the Jackson organization. Picking Deputies Ed Lloyd and Chris Gross to side him, Sheriff Canton left Buffalo in late afternoon. By hard riding the trio reached the Lucas cabin before daylight the next day.

It was still dark when the occupants began stirring. A candle was lighted. Sparks were issuing from the chimney as the officers moved in. Instructing one of his men to cover the window and the other to ease his rifle through a crack between the logs, Canton moved cau-

tiously around to the front. With gun drawn, he threw open the door, stepped into the room, and ordered Jackson to raise his hands.

Teton, warming himself before the fire, got slowly to his feet, hands high. "Canton," he said, "I ain't afraid of you or your guns, I'd fight that out, but what's been a-bothering me is the end of that rifle that's been trained on my head for the last five minutes."

Back in the canyon were the stolen Idaho horses. Jackson was lodged in the Buffalo jail, and an Idaho officer escorted him to the penitentiary at Boise.

In 1884 Canton was re-elected sheriff. His second term was highlighted by trouble with the Indians. Although the tribes of the area—Crow, Arapaho, Shoshone—were quartered on reservations, their hunting parties still ranged the Powder River-Big Horn Basin country, Canton's county; and with big game becoming increasingly scarce they turned inevitably to slaughtering the white man's cattle.

The ranches in the Basin and on the headwaters of the Powder suffered heavily. Cowboys, Association inspectors, and lawmen all were on the lookout, but it was difficult to catch the wily Indians with the goods. Canton's first real break came when two hunters whose aid he had solicited came upon a pair of young bucks engaged in skinning a cow. Surprised in the act, the youths jumped on a single horse and escaped, but they left behind a second horse, a branded cow, an old Stetson hat, and a medicine bag. Canton had the proof he needed, but not the offenders. What's more, he did not know who they were or what part of his vast territory they lived in.

The medicine bag was recognized as being Arapaho, and close inspection revealed a faded name in the hat: Samuel. Canton, accompanied by Deputy Gross and his two witnesses, the hunters McClennan and Glass, began tracking the Indians and soon established that they were headed for the Fort Washakie Reservation far to southwest.

Patient police work led to Sharp Nose's band of Arapahoes on Little Wind River. In a midnight operation, Canton grabbed Samuel from the heart of the enemy camp and outran the pursuit in a twenty-mile race to the walls of Fort Washakie. Samuel's partner, Beaver, was turned over by a reasonable Arapaho chief, Black Coal, the next day. Sheriff Canton, taking the trail with his charges, was flanked by menacing Indians until Sharp Nose himself attempted to grab his bridle. The lawman knocked the chief down with his Winchester, and the opposition melted away.

The two Indians were tried and convicted of cattle stealing and sentenced to one year in the federal penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois. Their arrest and conviction established Canton's reputation with the tribes and set an example that went far toward ending cattle theft by Indians in his section.

In 1886 Frank Canton returned to private life. He had been married the year before to Annie Wilkerson, whose family had moved west from Illinois and settled near Big Horn. A daughter Ruby had been born, and the sheriff was anxious to settle down to family life. He now had about five hundred head of cattle and was raising some fine crops. The ranch needed his attention. Canton was not one to escape the mainstream of events, however, and even as he was leaving office a storm was brewing that would strike Johnson County with full force. Canton would be in the thick of it.

After the Civil War the cattle business came into its own. The railroads pushed track out into the wilderness, opening up the markets of the East. Texas cattle, the source of western herds, were trailed north, some to flow east from the railheads in Kansas and Nebraska, some to stock the northern ranges. During the '70's the cattle of Wyoming increased from eleven thousand to more than half a million; neighboring states experienced a similar expansion. The development of the tin can and artificial refrigeration brought the big packers into the picture to dominate the national market. The price of beef advanced with expanding American prosperity, and a boom of the late '70's and early '80's attracted speculative capital from home and abroad. Cattle became big business.

Cattlemen with huge herds required great tracts of land, much of it public domain, and they were natural opponents of the farmer and homesteader seeking a place to settle in the West. The large herds were also an inviting target for rustlers and for the cowboy swinging the long rope and looking to get a start in the business himself. Here was the classic line-up for a range war.

Initially, the big stockmen shrugged off their losses. But the trend was against them. Overstocking led to closer government control of public land and curtailment

of grazing privileges. Civilization pressed closer, with nesters settling on the watercourses and fencing the open range as barbed wire came into use in '74. The cattle boom tapered off and stockholders closed in. And then nature dealt a crowning blow with the killing winter of 1886–87, when cattle died by the thousands. A fat era faded and the cattle companies, seeking ways of retrieving a lost prosperity (and resident managers an out with absentee owners), turned on the settler, the small rancher, and the rustler, real or imagined, as the handiest targets for vengeance. A series of assassinations preceded open hostilities, and the former sheriff of the county was a leading character in the drama.

Frank Canton might well have aligned himself with the settlers and against the cattle kings. This was the side of the law he had until recently been sworn to uphold. This was the side of the average citizen of Johnson County, of that majority of people that twice elected him sheriff. This, too, was the side of the farmer and small rancher—certainly Canton's station in terms of his modest holdings. Yet he moved to the side of the powerful stock interests, joining those who dominated the political affairs of the territory through the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, many of whose members were not only stockmen but legislators at state and national levels. In 1888 Canton again took a position with this organization as a range inspector.

The opening skirmish of the Johnson County War came in the summer of 1889 on the Sweetwater in adjacent Carbon County. James Averill and Ella Watson had homesteaded adjoining claims in a cattle domain—he to establish a store, saloon, and post office, she to dispense favors to cowboys and acquire an expanding herd of cattle. Ten cattlemen rode up one July day, took the pair out, and hanged them. The dispute smoldered until June of 1891, when three men appeared at the small horse ranch of Tom Waggoner, produced a false warrant for his arrest, escorted him to a secluded spot several miles away, and hanged him. November, 1891 was a critical month. It opened with an abortive attempt by four cattlemen on the lives of two cowboys, Ross Gilbertson and Nathan Champion; it closed with the separate ambush murders of Orley E. Jones and John A. Tisdale.

Frank Canton, by connection and suspicion, figured largely in all of this. He was identified as one of the quartet involved in the first November episode. He was suspected of having been responsible for the Jones drygulching, and he was charged with and tried for the murder of Tisdale. He got off: because he was innocent, because he established an alibi, because of big cattleman influence, because of a corrupt court, depending upon the point of view of the chronicler. His own actions are probably the strongest clue to his involvement: he promptly removed himself to Chicago, where his family was visiting. "When I reached Chicago," he wrote in his memoirs, "I found my wife and two little daughters [a second, Helen, had been born] all down with diphtheria. I remained in Chicago all winter to care for them. We had a very serious time and lost one of our little girls [Helen]."

In the spring of 1892 Canton returned to Cheyenne. New evidence had been filed in the Tisdale case in his absence and he was served with papers, given a hearing, and released in $30,000 bond raised by a group of the state's leading cattlemen in time to join them in a final

Major Frank Wolcott was Canton's co-leader of the April 5, 1892 Johnson County invasion.

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stroke designed to wipe out the "rustlers" (and such other obstructions as farmers, nesters, homesteaders, and independent cowboys) and restore the prosperous reign of the cattle kings.

A Powder River invasion force of some twenty-five cattlemen, a like number of Texas gunhand mercenaries, and their horses, weapons, and supplies, cleared Cheyenne by special train on the night of April 5, 1892. Before daybreak the little army detrained near Casper and struck out across the sagebrush plains after failing to pick up intended reinforcements there. Their destination was Buffalo, seat of Johnson County. Their mission was to liquidate a select group of opponents earmarked on a "death list" and to occupy the enemy stronghold of Buffalo. Their leaders were Frank Wolcott and Frank Canton.

Despite money and influence, the armed invasion was doomed from the start by the simple rule of numbers. The "regulators" detoured from their route and schedule to besiege and kill two of their marked men—Nate Champion and Nick Ray—at the KC Ranch. They were still a dozen miles short of Buffalo when they were forced to dig in at the TA Ranch to meet a rapidly developing opposition. Within forty-eight hours Sheriff Red Angus of Johnson County commanded some two hundred fifty men in an investing force, and the invading party was facing annihilation. They took the one course open to them—that of bringing their massive political influence to bear. A man slipped through the picket line and rode hard to the nearest uncut telegraph line to dispatch an SOS to Governor Barber. As reports filtered in at Cheyenne indicating the plight of the big boys, the governor wired both Wyoming senators in Washington and President Benjamin Harrison. His deliberately misleading report of "insurrection" in Johnson County and frantic appeal for help brought immediate action. At six o'clock on the morning of April 13th, Colonel J. J. Van Horn rode up to the TA Ranch with three troops of

The "regulators" who, under Canton and Wolcott, entered Johnson County, Wyoming with a "death list" and precipitated a range war that came close to accomplishing their own demise. Taken while they were awaiting trial.

cavalry from nearby Fort McKinney and took the regulators into custody.

The detailed story of the invasion and the play of personality, money, influence, and intrigue leading to the eventual dismissal of proceedings against the invaders is one of the dramatic episodes of our frontier West. Legally, it may be noted, these proceedings were designated as the case of the *State of Wyoming v. Frank M. Canton et al.* Historically, the Johnson County War was a milestone, marking "the dividing line between the old West, under the rule of the big cattle kings, and the new West of the pioneer homesteader."

There were many indications of emerging civilization. Territories were being replaced by states; the Dakotas, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming all entered the Union within a thirty-month period preceding the Johnson County War. People, settlements, government, law, were spreading across the wilderness; and the conditions that created the need for the frontier peace officer were passing. Frank Canton and his kind were men of action and adventure, if not of trouble and violence, and peace and order were not their milieu. As the frontier rolled back, such men tended to roll with it, seeking the surroundings to fit them.

After a year at Nebraska City as superintendent of a packing company, Frank Canton found life so monotonous that he began to search for new fields of action. This time he turned to Oklahoma Territory, where the Cherokee Strip was being opened. He settled at Pawnee in a triple-threat capacity: as under-sheriff to Frank Lake of Pawnee County, as deputy United States marshal of Oklahoma under E. D. Nix, and as deputy to Marshal Crump of the western district of Arkansas.

Canton's Oklahoma experience was dangerous and varied. This was the hey-day of the Doolin gang, and he participated in many a hunt and chase after members of that band. And there were encounters with tough cases like Lon McCool, livery stable owner, dealer in stolen horses, and enemy of Canton, who one day struck Canton while reaching toward a hip pocket and was shot in the head by the lawman with a .41 Colt derringer. There were the Shelley brothers, thieves and murderers, who, when run down and besieged by Lake, Canton, and several others, put up as game a fight as Canton had seen.

More in the tradition of the classic gun fight was Canton's encounter with Bill Dunn, a local fence for stolen stock. One day in '96, Canton, moving about Pawnee serving summonses on jurors, was advised that Dunn was in town and looking for him. The lawman was not worried, feeling that Dunn would never brace him in the open and in town. Canton carried a Colt .45 in the waistband of his trousers. Stepping out of a restaurant, he started briskly up the plank sidewalk toward the courthouse, hands in trouser pockets against the chill air. Suddenly Bill Dunn stood before him, cursing, his hand on a holstered revolver. Canton, never one to hesitate, drew his gun and fired. The bullet struck Dunn square in the forehead. As he fell he drew, and his trigger finger, obeying his last conscious impulse, worked as his life ran out.

"When you are on the border," wrote Canton in the early lines of his autobiography, "there is a certain lure which drives you on farther and still farther. I suppose it is what Jack London would term the 'Call of the Wild.'" By 1897 the Oklahoma Territory was too tame for a man still in his prime, and that faraway call was beckoning to Canton. The wandering peace officer went far to respond—all the way to Alaska, with appointment as a deputy United States marshal. He failed to take Mrs. Canton into his confidence, and a lengthy period passed before she learned of his whereabouts.

Moving north, Canton was caught up in the Klondike gold rush. As it turned out, he was unable to embark upon the discharge of his duties that winter. An early freeze blocked navigation on the Yukon and ran his steamer and party into winter quarters some seven hundred fifty miles short of his station at Circle City. He spent the winter prospecting in the Minook Creek district. One of his companions was a husky young man who would become famous for his stories of the north country—Rex Beach.

In April of '98 Canton officiated in the liberating of a hi-jacked steamer and its cargo of supplies and passengers before beating his way up-river to Circle City. Lawlessness was rampant and he had a lively summer on his hands, especially until solid backing arrived in the form of a detachment of United States Army troops.

Early in 1899 Marshal Canton and several deputies journeyed down-river to Fort Yukon to arrest three wanted men. When the party prepared to take the return trail, Canton's snow glasses were missing. On the trip he developed snow blindness, and his days in Alaska were numbered. In the summer he resigned his commission and returned to the States for treatment.

An overseas adventure came next. Canton participated in a relief expedition carrying supplies to United States troops in China during the Boxer uprising. This was an interlude in his career as a lawman, and upon his return to the States Canton headed once again to Oklahoma, still under its territorial status. The lawless element was quite active, and Canton became a field officer, first under Sheriff Painter in Comanche County, then in Osage County for the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas. In the latter capacity he arrested the notorious outlaw, Ben Cravens, for cattle theft and placed him in jail at Perry; Cravens broke out a week later and committed a long series of crimes before being recaptured and sentenced to confinement at Leavenworth penitentiary.

So far as Canton was concerned, Ben Cravens represented the passing of the traditional outlaw of the frontier. The twentieth century had arrived, Oklahoma was becoming well populated, and there was strong sentiment for statehood. The Sooner State was admitted as the Union's forty-sixth on November 16, 1907, and Governor C. N. Haskell promptly appointed Frank M. Canton as the State's first adjutant general.

General Canton commanded Oklahoma's militia until 1916. General Charles F. Barrett, who held the post at the time of Canton's death and wrote an idolatrous obituary in the state historical publication, *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, noted that Canton "loved the method and efficiency of military discipline."

Failing health caused Canton's retirement shortly before America's entry into World War I. As he entered

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Frank M. Canton as the adjutant general of Oklahoma

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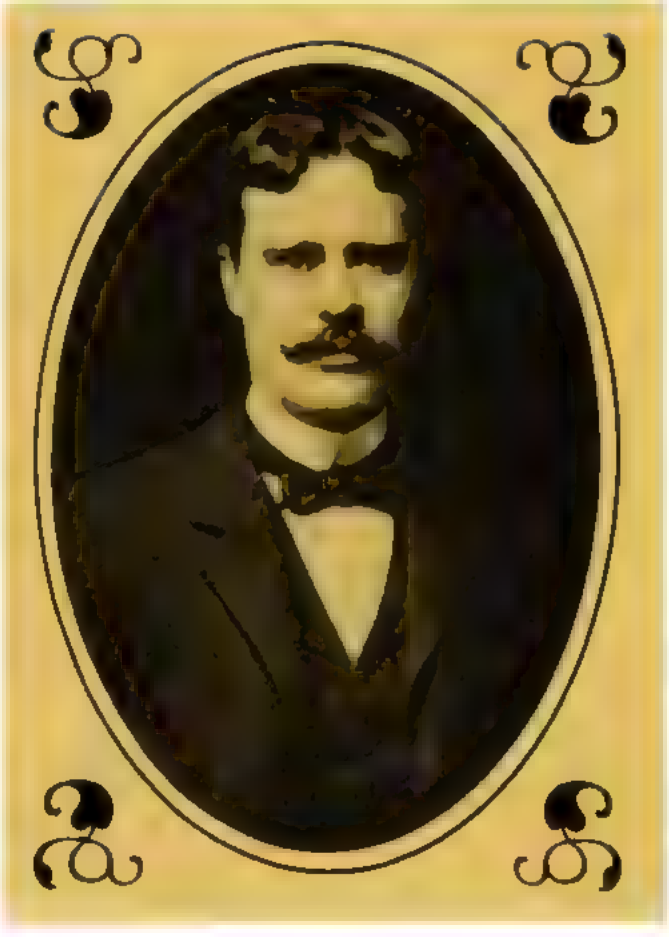
Owen Wister, whose Virginian some say is a Canton model



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Sylvester Mowry

Artilleryman, Libertine, Entrepreneur

BY B. SACKS

In the month of February, 1857, army officers who arrived in San Diego from the Colorado River enthusiastically reported that a rich copper mine had been discovered some twenty miles above Fort Yuma, and that one of the owners was Sylvester Mowry of the Third Regiment of Artillery, flamboyant voluptuary who was stationed at that remote and cheerless post. This was to be Sylvester Mowry's first venture in the business of mining—a seductive enterprise which many a soldier from general to raw recruit found himself unable to resist, especially when the lure was gold and silver.

The first gold rush in Arizona brought miners from California, Mexico, and the Gadsden Purchase to the Gila mines in 1858. The finding of gold along the Colorado attracted even greater numbers of prospectors in 1862. In the following year the famous Vulture Mine was discovered, and miners flocked to the gold fields in the rocky hills of central Arizona. Surrounded as they were by well-publicized mining activities and beseiged with exciting tales—some true, others fanciful—of rich and fabulous strikes and sudden wealth, it is not remarkable that soldiers in the isolated and lonely military posts of Arizona sought to join in such enviable operations. There was ample precedent for such participation.

During the mid-century gold rush in California, in an effort to check desertions, the New York Volunteers belonging to Stevenson's Regiment frequently gave enlisted men passes to work at the gold mines. The founder of Fort Yuma himself, Captain and Brevet Major Samuel P. Heintzelman, was a partner in Jaeger's profitable Colorado Ferry. Later in 1856 the major became one of the principal organizers and the president of the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company which sent the future "Father of Arizona," Charles D. Poston, to re-open the old silver mines in the Gadsden Purchase.

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Other army officers in Arizona were to engage in various mining pursuits. Even before the formal establishment of the territorial government in 1863, General James H. Carleton ordered one of his captains to detail members of his company to prospect in the new gold fields in central Arizona. After Fort Whipple was established in the neighborhood of these mines, the commanding officer, Major Edward B. Willis, became a mine-owner. Brigadier General John S. Mason, the commander of the newly organized military district of Arizona, in 1865 empowered an agent to manage his mining transactions. Soldiers stationed at Fort Mohave on the Colorado were given leave to work in the neighboring mines and in fact discovered a new mining district. Later Mowry's classmate, Colonel August Valentine Kautz, commanding the military department of Arizona, was to become actively involved in a diversity of mining transactions. Preoccupation with mines was not confined to the military, but was to be shared by prominent members of the territorial government, including the earliest officials, notably Governor John N. Goodwin and Secretary Richard C. McCormick, as well as later governors, especially A. P. K. Safford and John C. Frémont.

The career of Sylvester Mowry was spectacular in many respects. Genial in disposition, admirable as a raconteur, creative and boldly aggressive, this lusty, hot-tempered officer was also impressive in his soldierly bearing and his finely tailored garments. A descendant of Roger Mowry, who came to America from England in 1631, he was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1832 or 1833. As a boy he was described as rather large for his age and "inclined to be wild." A graduate of West Point in 1852, he finished sixteenth among forty-three.

In 1853 and 1854, Second Lieutenant Sylvester Mowry was attached to the western division of the Northern Pacific Railroad Exploring Expedition, headed by West Pointer and governor of Washington Territory, Isaac Ingalls Stevens. In 1854 Mowry was assigned to the command of Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Steptoe, whose troops were quartered in the Territory of Utah during the winter of 1854–55. It was scarcely to be expected that Steptoe's officers would all refrain from casting designing glances at the comely ladies of Zion, least of all the adventuresome lieutenant of artillery. Three letters written in Utah by Mowry to his friend, Edward J. Bicknall of Providence, Rhode Island, have recently been published. In these very frank letters, Mowry, who cut a dashing figure in Salt Lake City, confessed that he had fallen in love with a daughter-in-law of Brigham Young, "the prettiest woman" he had ever seen, whom he was meeting secretly while her husband was absent on a mission. He was about to congratulate himself on his victory when a rumor was circulated that he had been "caught in the act." Apprised of the affair, the Mormon leader in a monumental rage sent word that if Mowry attempted to take his daughter-in-law out of the territory, Colonel Steptoe's command would soon be minus one junior officer. This stormy interlude ended when the lieutenant was ordered to march a detachment of newly recruited First Dragoons to Fort Tejon in California. Upon his arrival Mowry did nothing to placate the enmity of the Mormons when he charged that "Wah-Kar" [War-Kar or Wakara], the Ute chief, his successor "Arrow-Pine," and "the Kanoshe Chief Parvents," and several other chieftains were members of the Mormon Church and that Brigham Young and other Mormon dignitaries had recommended intermarriage with the Indians.

By August 28, 1855, Mowry was stationed at Fort Yuma, California, located on a bluff overlooking the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers. He commenced almost at once to study the Spanish history of the region, the condition of the Indian tribes, and the chronicles of the ancient mines. On the eighth of April, 1856, Mowry communicated again with his friend in Providence. The weather was hot at Fort Yuma, the post was far removed from the precincts of civilization, and the lieutenant was bored. He confided to his correspondent, that in addition to such humdrum chores as drilling their men, the principal occupation of the officers was the drinking of ale and the "rog[u]ing" of the local squaws. Mowry boasted that he himself had "several virgins in training." In the same letter he betrayed his impatience with "the nigger question." Familiar with the violent events in "bloody Kansas," he charged that "all you Northern people put yourself in Coventry for this infernal nonsense about slavery in Kansas." Since Mowry was born in the New England state of Rhode Island, his strong bias in favor of the South and its "cherished institution" is somewhat unexpected, though it is possible that his viewpoint was influenced by relatives in South Carolina where an uncle was a prominent cotton planter.

In October of the year 1855, Mowry complained to Bicknall that "Yuma is a hell of a place. More than two

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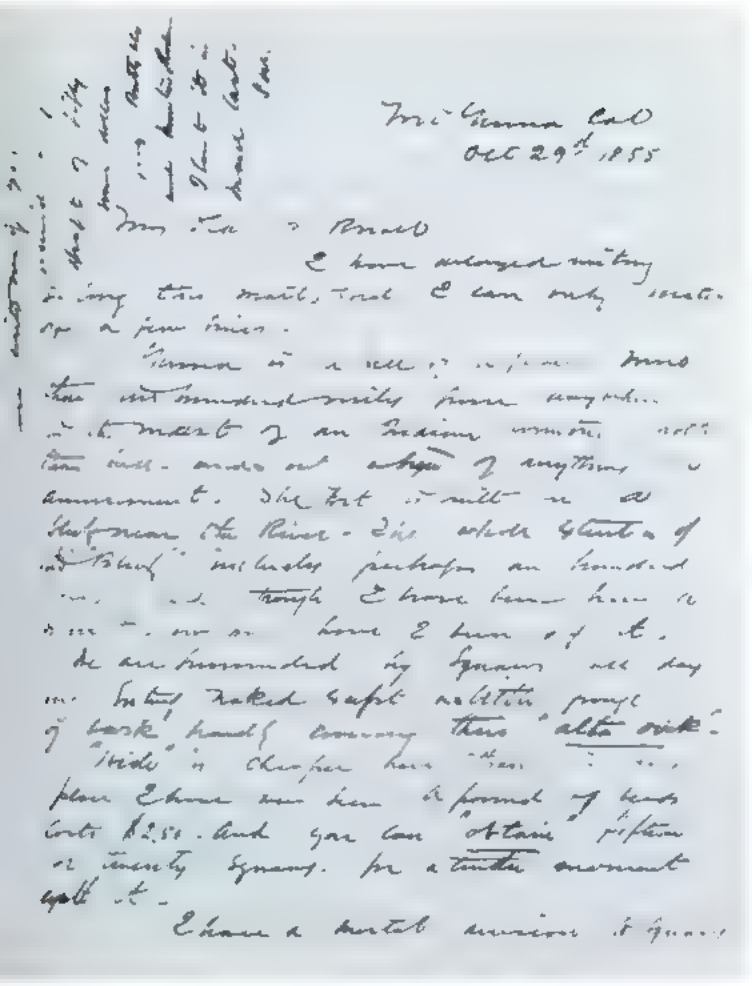
ARIZONA PIONEERS HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Mr. Yuma Cal
Oct 29th 1855

Mr. Ed. Bicknell

I have arranged matters
to send this mail, that I can only write
you a few lines.

Yuma is a hell of a place. More
than one thousand miles from anywhere
in the midst of an Indian country, hotter
than hell. and what else if anything
to announce. The fort is built on a
bluff on the River. The whole plateau of
"bluff" includes perhaps an hundred
acres. Although I have been here a
month, we have been & shall be, for
we are surrounded by Squaws all day
long. Entirely naked except a little fringe
of bark. Entirely among them "altogether".
"Pride" is cheaper here than in any
place I have ever been. A pound of beads
costs $2.50. And you can "obtain" fifteen
or twenty Squaws. for a tender moment
with it.

I have a mortal aversion to Squaws

In a letter Mowry confided to his correspondent Edward J. Bicknall ". . . We are surrounded by Squaws all day long."

hundred miles from anywhere; in the midst of Indian country—hotter than hell. . . ." He went on to say: "We are surrounded by Squaws all day long. Entirely naked except [for] a little fringe of bark. . . ." Unrestricted feminine companionship, reported the lieutenant, was cheaper here than in any place he had ever been. A pound of beads costing $2.50 paid for a "tender moment" with fifteen or twenty of the dusky maidens. In Oregon an unfortunate experience—in all probability a venereal one—caused him to have "a mortal aversion to squaws," but this experience did not prevent him from continuing to entertain the more attractive ones. However, the uncleanliness of the Indian girls offended the sybarite's fastidious taste, leading him to prefer the now equally available Mexican girls. He confided to Bicknall: "*To night* is my wedding *night*. . . . I have just got a Sonoranian girl . . . for a mistress. She is seventeen, very pretty, dark hair, big black eyes, and clear olive complexion."

His supplier was that extraordinary character known as the "Great Western" and celebrated as the heroine of Fort Brown during the Mexican War. A giant of a woman, standing about six feet two, she had the reputation of being one of the roughest fighters on the Rio Grande. As a laundress and the keeper of a mess for the younger officers, she became a great favorite with the troops of all ranks. It was reported that during the Battle of Buena Vista, she dressed the wounds of many soldiers

and, unassisted, carried them off to safety in the thick of the fighting. In a forthcoming book about her, it is related that when one of the soldiers at Buena Vista rushed to her headquarters nearby yelling "that the army was cut to pieces and the Mexican under full way for Saltillo," she drew off and "hit him between the eyes and knocked him sprawling, saying, 'You son-of-a-bitch, there aint Mexicans enough in Mexico to whip old Taylor. You just spread that report and I'll beat you to death.'" Unquestionably she would have kept her word. In 1852 she arrived at Fort Yuma and served as laundress and hospital matron and kept a mess for the officers, including their commander Major Heintzelman. Her kindly disposition caused her to take a number of young girls under her wing, not all of whom by any means were farmed out to pleasure-seeking lieutenants like Sylvester Mowry.

On the twenty-ninth of August, 1856, a convention was held in Tucson, the first of its kind in that place, where resolutions were passed petitioning Congress to separate Arizona from the parent Territory of New Mexico and to organize it as an independent political unit. It was not long before Mowry espoused the territorial movement; and as early as December, 1856, in a letter to Major Heintzelman he confided his own ambition to become Arizona's delegate. In January, 1857, Mowry applied to the adjutant general for the command of the exploring party in the event the Secretary of War were to order an examination of the Colorado River as far as the Virgin or beyond. Subsequently, his classmate at West Point, Joseph Christmas Ives of the Topographical Engineers, received this very assignment and set out to make this well-known exploration, but by that time Mowry was absent on leave from Arizona.

In February, 1857, the lieutenant had sent the first of a series of letters to the commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington on the condition of the various Indian tribes in Arizona—letters which a few years later would lead to an appointment as special Indian agent. By March of 1857, Mowry had succeeded to the command of Fort Yuma; but in April he was placed on the sick list and, on the advice of the post surgeon, was given leave of absence for sixty days beginning on May 15. Despite illness, however, the lieutenant had been active in having new memorials prepared, again petitioning Congress to organize Arizona. Mowry now proceeded to Washington where he arrived in June. In August upon the recommendation of General James Gadsden, who in 1853 had negotiated the Gadsden Treaty, Mowry was admitted as delegate to the Southern Commercial Convention at Knoxville where his resolutions were unanimously adopted. He urged territorial organization for Arizona, recommended the southern route for the overland mail and the proposed Pacific Railroad, and advised the acquisition of a slice of Sonora, Mexico—a project much favored by President Buchanan. In September, during his absence from the territory, Mowry was elected for the first of three times as Arizona's delegate to Congress; and in that same month, in response to a request, he forwarded a report and recommendations to Mr. Butterfield and other contractors of the famous Butterfield Mail. In the meantime Mowry was preparing descriptive and promotional material on the territory, which in that same year of 1857 was assembled and printed in Washington as a pamphlet entitled *Memoir on the Proposed Territory of Arizona*. This was the first published work to be devoted exclusively to Arizona. In November the San Francisco *Herald* referred to Mowry's rumored candidacy for governor of Arizona, and it is not difficult to surmise the source of the correspondent's report.

Mowry's proposed Territory of Arizona included all of present Arizona and New Mexico south of the 34th parallel, and from the Colorado east to the Texas line.

At the opening of the 35th Congress in December, 1857, the powerful Democratic senator from California, William McKendree Gwin, was engaged in drafting the first congressional bill to organize Arizona as an independent territory. His collaborator was the enterprising lieutenant of artillery, Sylvester Mowry. The first of the 1857 Arizona memorials was presented to the upper house by Senator Gwin that same month and reported to the House by the delegate from New Mexico in January of 1858. The second of the 1857 memorials was presented to the Senate on March 10; and on the following day, Mowry outlined the argument for organizing Arizona in a long letter to the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories.

Major Heintzelman, who had come to Washington to assist Mowry in the Arizona campaign, now began to

MAP OF PROPOSED ARIZONA TERRITORY
from explorations by A.B. Gray & others, to accompany memoir by Lieut. Mowry U.S. Army, Delegate elect.

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hear a great deal about a Mexican land claim known as the Sopori Grant. This body of land which lay between Tucson and Tubac comprised an empire of more than two hundred twenty square miles and contained the well-known Sopori silver mine. It was revealed that while Mowry was in Arizona he had visited the great landowners of Sonora and managed to have himself appointed as their legal representative to effect a sale of this vast estate—needless to say for a substantial consideration. Major Heintzelman was greatly perturbed because of the threat to ownership of lands claimed by his mining company. In Providence, Mowry persuaded a group of prominent financiers and men in public life to sponsor two companies for the purchase of the Sopori Grant. In the third edition of Mowry's well-known work, *Arizona and Sonora*, he mentions himself as the owner of half of the shares of one of these companies, the Arizona Land and Mining Company.

By now the absentee artilleryman had been away from his post for over a year, having repeatedly managed to have his leave extended. On at least one occasion it was the Secretary of War himself who arranged for an extension. In July, 1858, Sylvester Mowry, with so many irons in the fire, resigned his commission in the army. He now hurried back to Arizona where on September 20, he was re-elected as delegate to Congress by an almost unanimous vote. In October he bought a substantial share of the San Antonio Mine, a well-known silver mine located about a mile from the Mexican border, and was made the representative of the owners of a large tract of land across the river from Fort Yuma. The ex-lieutenant returned to the East Coast where in February, 1859, he gave an address on Arizona before the American Geographical and Statistical Society in New York, which was soon published. On the twenty-eighth of the same month a congressional bill was approved, appropriating funds for a survey of the Pima and Maricopa lands and for gifts to these Indians. The commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington at once consulted Mowry for the best way to carry out the provisions of this law, and a few weeks later Mowry received notice that the survey and the distribution of gifts would be placed in his charge. Mowry now returned to the Southwest and addressed enthusiastic meetings at Mesilla and Tucson in behalf of territorial organization.

In July Mowry's career and life were placed in mortal jeopardy by a duel fought as the result of a journalistic controversy which began early in the year between himself and a newspaper correspondent. In a dispatch dated at Tubac, January 30, 1859, Edward E. Cross, writing for the St. Louis *Missouri Republican* under the pseudonym of "Gila," questioned the accuracy of President Buchanan's estimate of the population of Arizona as given in his December message to Congress. The correspondent insisted that there had been "*an enormous amount of falsehood published concerning the country and its resources. As an agricultural country, it is worthless.*" Cross had accompanied William Wrightson's party on its overland trip to the Gadsden Purchase in the autumn of 1858. When the Santa Rita Silver Mining Company, in cooperation with the parent Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, established Arizona's first newspaper, the Tubac *Weekly Arizonian*, in March of 1859, Cross became its editor. In reply to "Gila's" letter Mowry, who was clearly the target of the correspondent's barbs, said that the delegate from New Mexico had certified the population in the Rio Grande Valley alone to be in excess of eight thousand in 1857. (It should be noted that at the time the proposed Territory of Arizona was to comprise all of southern New Mexico as far as Texas or at the very least to the Rio Grande, and not alone the western part of the Gadsden Purchase.) Mowry stoutly defended his claim that Arizona had sufficient arable land to support a large population and added hotly: "I assert it, and have proved it by more evidence that it would be sufficient to hang twenty such fellows as the writer of this anonymous letter if he was on trial—a fate, by the way, which will be apt to overtake him when his letter goes back to Arizona. . . ." More letters were exchanged with Cross, who in the meantime had identified himself as the correspondent who called himself Gila, and Mowry finally challenged the editor to a duel. Cross, in accepting, chose Burnside rifles at forty paces.

In the presence of a gathering near Tubac on July 8, each of the duelists fired three shots in a high wind without reaching a target. The editor's fourth shot failed, and Mowry, surrendering his right to shoot the defenseless man, who stood calmly with head high and arms folded, discharged his rifle into the air, ending the contest. The antagonists shook hands and together with Solon H. Lathrop, managing director of the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, led a procession to the company stores. A forty-two gallon barrel of prime

Monongahela whiskey, purchased a few days before from the traders at Fort Buchanan, "melted before the fierce attacks like snow before the midday sun. . . ." The last traces of ill-feeling were dissipated in the glow of ardent spirits. This episode ended the publication of the *Arizonian* in Tubac. The erstwhile duelist bought the press and removed it to Tucson, where Publisher Mowry issued it henceforth as a Democratic organ under a new editor.

Before the end of the year the survey of the Pima and Maricopa Reservation was completed and the presents to the Indians distributed, but in the meantime Mowry, re-elected a delegate for the third time, had prepared a valuable memoir on the Indian tribes of Arizona, and in October had purchased two silver mines located in the foothills of the Organ Mountains in New Mexico.

In April of 1860, the residents of the Gadsden Purchase, discouraged by the repeated rejection of their delegates and petitions, decided to take independent action in defiance of Congress and established the provisional government of the Territory of Arizona. This political organization had a limited existence and was defunct by the time it was superseded by Lieutenant John R. Baylor's Confederate Territory of Arizona on August 1, of the following year. At the convention held at Tucson in April of 1860, Mowry had been invited to continue his services as delegate, but in a letter to Provisional Governor Lewis S. Owings on August 20,

The Mowry Mine

he resigned without mentioning that a month earlier President Buchanan had appointed him commissioner to run the eastern boundary of California. From this time forward Mowry ceased to exert any significant influence on the territorial movement.

In the meantime he had embarked upon a major mining undertaking while maintaining his connection with the Sopori land grant and the Rhode Island companies. In 1857 a Mexican herder had relocated an ancient silver mine in present-day Santa Cruz County in southern Arizona, less than ten miles from the Mexican border. Ownership passed to a company consisting of two civilians and four army officers from Fort Buchanan, situated some twenty miles from the mine. This was the much publicized Patagonia Mine. The leading spirit among the officers was the Virginia-born, West Point graduate and daring Indian fighter, the lisping, free-swearing captain of First Dragoons, Richard Stoddert Ewell, who upon the outbreak of war was to resign from the Union Army and offer his sword to the Confederacy. Captain Ewell, exemplifying the army officer who engaged in mining, noted the energetic operations of the nearby Heintzelman Mine and turned his own mind to minerals. "The country is full of silver mines . . ." he wrote in a letter to his niece. "My room is completely filled with chemical machinery and my table boasts of several crucibles and books, blowpipe, scales, charcoal supports, and at least six different kinds of minerals."

Headquarters and Offices of the Mowry Mine

After Elias Brevoort bought out the interests of Lieutenant Richard S. C. Lord and Richard M. Doss, Ewell became the principal shareholder and superintendent. He decided to sell out because of his dissatisfaction with Brevoort's management, which he charged was "ruinous." By 1860 the entire ownership of the mine had been transferred to Brevoort and subsequently to Colonel Henry T. Titus of Kansas and Nicaragua notoriety. On August 9, of that year, Sylvester Mowry acquired the title at a stated consideration of $22,500.

When the military posts of southern Arizona were evacuated in July of 1861, the country was left to the mercy of savage Apaches and lawless Mexicans. Without military protection for the mines, Charles D. Poston, managing director of the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, decided to abandon the mines and made a hasty departure from the territory, barely escaping with his life. Mowry, on the other hand, confronted with similar danger, barricaded himself and his employees at his mine and refused to be driven from his property and out of the territory. It must have galled him to learn that Cochise was riding his fine chestnut mare, which had been seized by Chiricahua Apaches at the time Mowry's servant was killed while en route to Sonora.

On January 17, 1862, Mowry complained to the commander of the Department of New Mexico: "We are eaten up alive by this cursed vermin. Every week they kill somebody and drive off scores of horses, mules, and cattle." He turned his mine into a fortress and bombarded cabinet members in Washington with letters describing the chaotic conditions in the territory after the evacuation of the forts and requesting military protection. The vague promises of future help from Union officials and his skepticism that relief would emanate from that quarter, may have largely animated his subsequent correspondence with Confederate officers to whom he also appealed for protection. A few years later he described his predicament at the time: "I was left with a handful of men who were willing to share my fortune, and, if Fate so willed it, would be the last Americans in the Territory to fall by the lance or arrow of the Apache." In desperation Mowry concluded that there was only one way to wage war against these savages: "A steady, persistent campaign must be made, following them to their haunts . . . they must be surrounded, starved into coming in, surprised or inveigled—by white flags or any other method, human or divine—and then put to death. If these ideas shock any weak-minded individual, who thinks himself a philanthropist, I can only say that I pity without respecting his mistaken sympathy. A man might as well have sympathy for a rattlesnake or a tiger."

Mowry's misfortunes reached a climax in June, 1862, after the Confederate forces of Captain Sherod Hunter had evacuated Tucson. When Union Colonel James H. Carleton arrived in that ancient village, acting on information supplied by a German metallurgist in the employ of Mowry, he ordered the mine owner's arrest for treasonable complicity with the rebels. Because Mowry had written letters to Jefferson Davis, Brigadier General Henry H. Sibley, and Captain Sherod Hunter, he was also charged with supplying ammunition to the Confederates. The arrival of Mowry in Tucson as a military prisoner was not without a touch of the theatrical. When he made his appearance, his demeanor was lordly, his rage, Olympian; and his entourage included his private secretary, his personal servant, and his mistress.

It would appear that the amatory adventures of the perennial bachelor, Sylvester Mowry, were not calculated to escape the notice of the future chronicler. In 1870, eight years after his arrest and imprisonment, a Sylvester Mowry was listed as a member of the household of the ex-lieutenant's friend, Solomon Warner, respected merchant of early Tucson, but this Sylvester was born in Arizona and only eleven years old. That there was a blood relationship between the two Sylvesters is highly probable even if reliable documentation is wanting. Since the junior Sylvester has apparently been lost, it is a matter of conjecture whether or not his mother was Mowry's companion at the time of his arrest.

A military commission, appointed by Carleton, considered Mowry's case in Tucson that summer of 1862 and ordered him confined to the very post where once he had been the commanding officer. After his arrest his mine was seized and placed in the hands of a receiver. In November of 1862, after four months of imprisonment, he was released unconditionally, but no sooner was his mine restored in December when it was seized again, this time under the Confiscation Act by the United States marshal of New Mexico and later sold at auction. In December, 1863, the unreconciled former lieutenant sued Carleton for over a million dollars in a California court, but though the case bedeviled the exasperated general, it never came to trial. Eventually Mowry

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Lillie Hitchcock, whose money built Coit Tower in San Francisco, jilted the gallant lieutenant and later married B. H. Coit.

recovered his mining property, but its value in the meantime had been seriously impaired.

His difficulties were not over, for two other major disenchantments were to plague him before the advent of the ultimate catastrophe. From the Union Club in New York, Mowry wrote on January 19, 1868, to Dr. Charles M. Hitchcock, physician in San Francisco and former army surgeon, asking for the hand of his daughter Lillie with whom he was deeply in love. In this letter Mowry went on to say: "It is generally believed that I shall be appointed Minister to Mexico, as I have the warm support of the leading statesmen of the country—and in that event, with your assent, we could be married at once." Two letters from Lillie to Mowry, whom she addressed as "Dear Prince," have been preserved. On February 17, her father wrote to Mowry sternly forbidding the union but without naming the reasons for his opposition. Mowry came to San Francisco where he attempted unsuccessfully to see Lillie. Accepting the verdict of rejection, he now returned Lillie's letters and formally requested his own. Receiving no reply, he prevailed upon two of his friends to intercede for him to have his letters restored. The matter ended when Mowry was informed that the inconstant Lillie had destroyed his letters. The experience of being jilted was a crushing blow to the pride of the hitherto invincible lover.

Lillie Hitchcock, as it happened, was a celebrity in her own right. As a young girl she began her unusual career with Knickerbocker Engine Company No. 5 of the Volunteer Fire Department of San Francisco. One afternoon as several volunteer companies were racing to the scene of a fire on Telegraph Hill, Knickerbocker No. 5 fell behind because of a shortage of men assigned to the ropes. Lillie, then but a child, was on her way home from school when she noticed the plight of the trailing engine. Running to a vacant place on the ropes, she added her frail efforts to those of the straining men. Turning to the bystanders she pleaded for their help. There was swift response and as a result of this reinforcement, Knickerbocker No. 5 was the first to reach the scene of the conflagration. From that day forward Lillie became the company's favorite and accompanied the volunteers to every fire. On October 3, 1863, she was made an honorary member and was presented with a gold miniature, diamond-studded fire helmet fashioned in the form of a breastpin, which henceforth was her constant companion. Three months after Mowry was informed that his letters had been destroyed, Lillie Hitchcock, San Francisco's "Fire-Belle," married Benjamin Howard Coit. The Coit Tower, a cylindrical edifice which rises to a height of 210 feet, is today a familiar landmark on Telegraph Hill. This memorial was built by the city fathers with Lillie's money in 1933 several years after she died.

In a final effort to recover his lost prestige, Mowry came to Arizona again in 1870 to support the political campaign of Peter R. Brady, the Democratic opponent of former Governor Richard C. McCormick for the office of territorial delegate. An acrimonious contest ensued in which abusive and scurrilous exchanges appeared in rival newspapers. Mowry's intervention terminated in humiliating defeat both for the losing candidate and his manager, who now left the territory never to return.

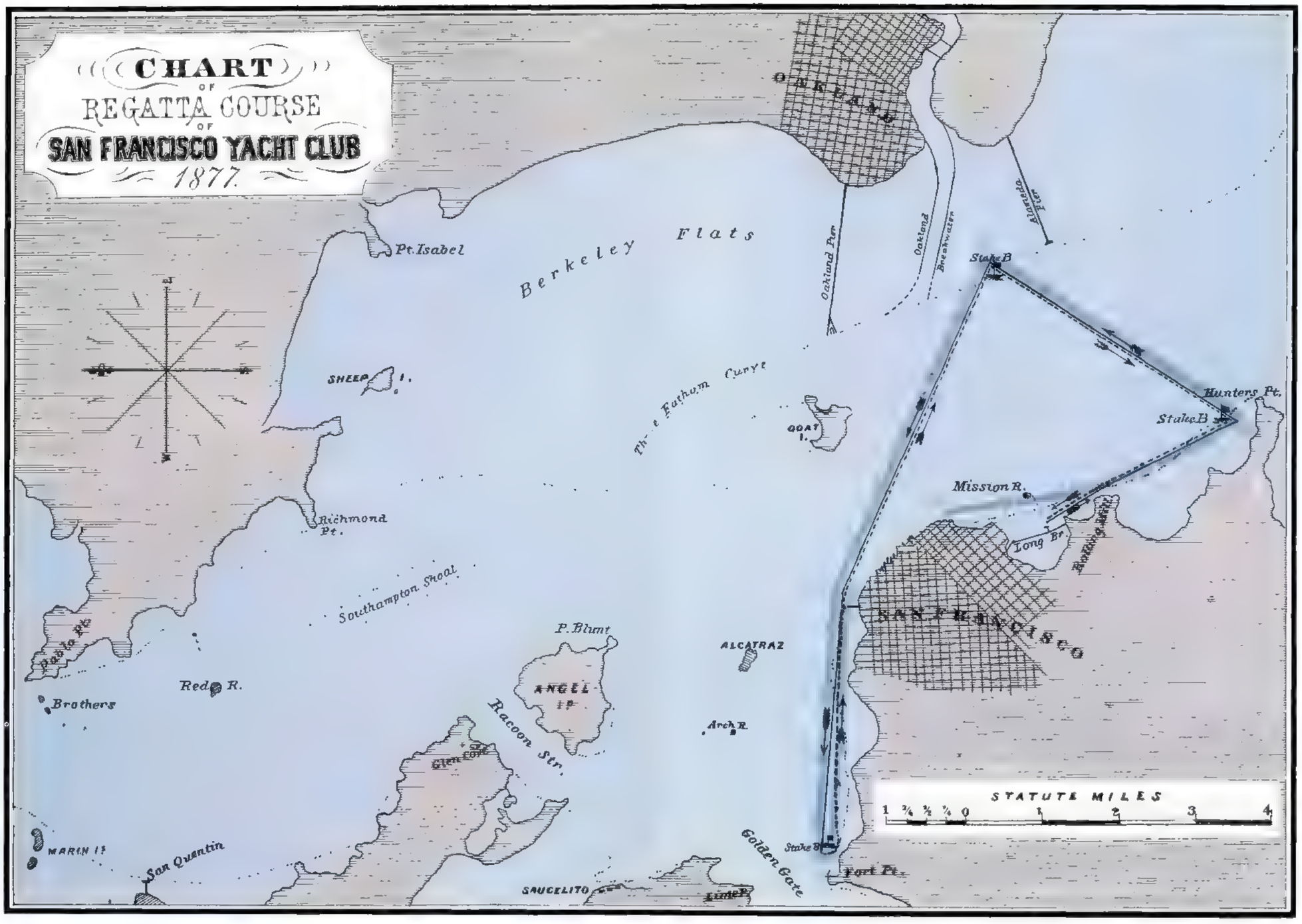
The end was foreshadowed when it was reported in

continued on page 79

The MASTER MARINERS' REGATTA

by

Roger R. Olmsted



The race course of the Master Mariners is here superimposed on the Regatta Course of the San Francisco Yacht Club 1877.

The Fourth of July in San Francisco in the 1870's was *The Glorious Fourth*. It was a day of public celebration of the revolution that had swept away the decadent institutions of a corrupt Old World, of general rejoicing in the judicious providence that had placed an incomparable land and a great and certain destiny in the hands of the most favored and fortunate populace ever to inhabit God's green earth.

They broke out the flags and bunting at sunrise, from the masts and yards of the shipping at the waterfront, from stores and hotels and saloons, from ropes stretched across the streets the marchers would navigate, from the front windows of workers' cottages south of the Slot. The grand parade formed early, started late, and wound long through the downtown streets to the midday observances at the star-spangled speakers' stand. While the organized marched and the unorganized applauded, the Kearny Street toughs rolled firecrackers under the ladies' dresses. Torpedoes exploding under horses' bellies and indiscriminate discharge of Mr. Colt's Patent Firearm had already resulted in a few cracked heads and punctured bodies. Further patriotic demonstrations with gunpowder would add a touch of carnage to the sporting events, military exercises, saloon brawls, and family outings to pleasure gardens that occupied the afternoon. The evening was given over to grand balls, with perhaps a torchlight parade and more speeches for those who had not gotten enough in the morning.

Civic organizations faced the greatest challenge to their ingenuity in devising significant contributions to the afternoon festivities. A response more appropriate and dramatic than most came from the Boatmen's Protective Association when in 1867 it staged a race among the coastal schooners and sailing workboats of the bay. The regatta was so successful that it was repeated the following year, and in 1869 when the boatmen reorganized under the more pretentious title of Master Mariners' Benevolent Association, the great schooner race became a fixture of the Fourth of July celebration.

A number of fortunate elements combined to make the Master Mariners' Regatta a spectacular and popular event. To a far greater extent than we can imagine today, San Francisco was then a city of sea-people, where not even newspaper reporters were mystified by the maneuvers of ships under sail or by the tactics of sailing racers. The vessels of the Master Mariners were big, most of them much bigger than the popular classes of sailing yachts today, some of them as big or bigger, than the largest yachts of the past. San Francisco Bay's reliable and renowned summer afternoon wind, a fresh breeze that exceeds the easterner's notion of a good sailing wind by a wide margin, guaranteed a lively race. Above all there was the view from Telegraph Hill. From the top of this hill at the northeastern point of San Francisco's waterfront, the whole of the deep-water part of the bay spreads out in a grand panorama, reaching from Fort Point and the Golden Gate in the west, to Sausalito, Alcatraz, Angel Island, Goat Island, Oakland and along the southward-curving waterfront to Potrero and Hunters Point.

Before the start of any of the Master Mariners' regattas, thousands of spectators crowded the upper slopes of Telegraph Hill to watch the racing fleet standing off and on between the foot of the hill and nearby Goat Island, awaiting the starting cannon. After the gun, the boats wheeled one after another, pointing their bowsprits southward in long procession they crossed a line projected from the neighborhood of the present-day Ferry Building and made for Hunters Point in the hazy distance. The leaders gradually diminished to tiny pyramids of sail, then successively appeared in bolder profile as they turned the mark and reached off toward the mouth of Oakland Creek. Before the last of the fleet got to Hunters Point the first boats were around the Oakland stakeboat, beating back toward Telegraph Hill in the freshening breeze. Even in this first half of the race, when boats might be almost out of sight to the south, a part of the fleet was always in plain view of the spectator. The effect of a parade, with frequent boat-to-boat competition as faster vessels overtook their slower colleagues, resulted from the starting procedure in which the regatta committee took the time as each vessel crossed the starting line as well as the time of each at the finish. With no penalty attached to a late start, masters of the faster boats might delay a quarter-hour or more in order to put on a good show on the long windward leg from Oakland, past Telegraph Hill, to the Golden Gate.

Here was a glorious sight for a glorious day! Smack across the middle of the view that draws tens of thousands of tourists to the top of Telegraph Hill each year, thirty or forty schooners, driving to windward under a full press of sail, drew out their purposeful wakes across the snapping whitecaps of the mid-channel. Here the chill blast funneling through the Gate spread gooseflesh among the shirtsleeved guests crowding the broad decks of the Master Mariners' vessels, and jugs of fortifying spirits passed from hand to hand more briskly. The pilot of the committee tug rang up full revolutions, moving his boat away from the Oakland Bar (or sometimes away from the side of a deepwater ship whose captain had signaled the committee to drop aboard for a toast to the Fourth, to the Queen, and to all the Master Mariners, as well as one for the road), to take up position off Fort Point before the leaders squared away on the final leg of the course.

As one vessel after another bore off around the weather mark, turning from close-hauled on the starboard tack to a dead run before the wind, scores of participants, watch in hand, squinted into the western glare, noting the minutes and seconds by which the boat their golden double-eagles rode on led or trailed some chosen rival. Sweeping wide around the stakeboat, the racers picked up speed, dipping their lee scuppers toward the frothing water, as eager hands sought to pay out the sheets as swiftly as the vessels turned. The crews and guests could feel the warmth of the sun once more when the schooners ran easily before the wind; now the breeze blew fifteen miles per hour on the backs of their necks instead of thirty miles in their faces. Now was the time to tap the last keg of beer and consider the last possible means of gaining, or holding, a lead. If a gaff topsail or fishermen had been struck for the blustery beat, the sailors broke it out again. The skipper of a sloop or one of the smaller schooners might unlimber a secret weapon — some sort of spinnaker set out to windward, or a watersail rigged beneath the boom. The crew could jibe the foresail over and the helmsman steer her carefully, wing-and-wing, down to the finish.

The climax of the regatta was not the finish line, for even the most ardent clock-watcher could have only a rough notion of how all the contestants placed, but at the Master Mariners' evening ball where the winners were announced and the prizes distributed. Nearly every skipper got a prize of some sort, to acknowledge the importance of his participation if not the perfection of his piloting and the speed of his craft. It seems to have been the policy of the Master Mariners to award the more tangible prizes to the losers: a fourth place in his class might earn a captain a silver goblet, a seventh a set of gold sleeve buttons. A winner gained temporary custody of the silken, gold-tasseled, white and red and green banner emblazoned with the strutting gamecock and the word CHAMPION. Second and third place

continued opposite page 25

On the Fourth of July thousands of spectators climbed Telegraph Hill to watch the schooners run the Master Mariners' Regatta across the bay in front of them. The panorama here presented (about 1885) is more than a half circle and stretches from the Golden Gate on the east to the Old Ferry Building to the southeast. From left to right the islands shown are Alcatraz, Angel Island and Goat Island or Yerba Buena, with Oakland in the distant background to the southeast

WELLS FARGO HISTORY ROOM

boats won the right to wear banners somewhat similar but of lesser mystic significance.

The racing of these men who made their life and livelihood the sea was marked by a spirit of amateurism far purer than that characteristic of yacht racing — then or now. The symbol of victory was ephemeral and fairly inexpensive, and not many of the contestants had any real chance of winning it at that. But the urge to beat *somebody* in fair competition animated the event, "fair competition" being related to the interpretive standards of the scow schooner skippers who argued the merits of their right-of-way in the narrow reaches of Petaluma Creek with lumps of stove coal as authorities, and the grit shown by the masters of the lumber schooners that sailed into the rock-bound dog-holes of the Mendocino Coast to load shingles or firewood for San Francisco. As a result, few races passed without character-building encounters between hundred-ton schooners. Not unlikely a bare-knuckled brawl after the race settled more than one real or fancied grievance, but no committee seems ever to have sat in serious judgment over a carefully drawn protest.

Not so much the vision of a trophy, but pride — pride in their boats, pride in their trade and organization, pride in country, above all pride in ther sea-girt city — brought out the Master Mariners to put on a show for the Fourth. The regatta was inseparable from the Fourth of July that was a symbol of the spirit of the times, a spirit which permitted J. S. Hittell, a usually thoughtful and incisive observer, to conclude his *History of San Francisco* with,

The city, as it now stands, is an embodiment of the highest enlightenment of our time, one of the most brilliant products and greatest triumphs of the industrial art, commerce, wealth and intelligence of the nineteenth century, and a splendid illustration of the popular energy developed under the free political institutions of the United States — institutions which, seriously defective as they are in some important respects, have yet given a stimulus to enterprise which no people under a despotic government have ever achieved.

Writing in 1878, Hittell was either a little too late or far too early in his judgment. The bloom had fled the rose the year before when the depression of '73 reached San Francisco, wiping out what in retrospect could be seen as a fleeting, happy little paradise of business and labor which flourished for a while as a result of special, coinciding circumstances, and *not* because its men and institutions stood on the threshold of perfection.

In 1878, for the first time since '67, there was no regatta of the sailing freighters. The Master Mariners turned out again for the Fourth in '79, then not again until 1884 and '85, when the lively photographs on these pages were made. A last revival in 1891 proved untimely, with only thirteen contestants showing up for the start. The Fourth was still an exciting day in San Francisco, but it could not be quite the same as when the workingman was organized and the eight-hour day was law, when the transcontinenal railroad suggested visions of progress and prosperty rather than monopoly and ruin, when William C Ralston was the Moses of the land and a self-sufficient industrial empire in the West seemed not an idle dream, when the money-wells of the Comstock poured a river of silver through the counting houses of San Francisco. The Fourth was not the same without the Master Mariners' Regatta, because the spirit of the Fourth had changed.

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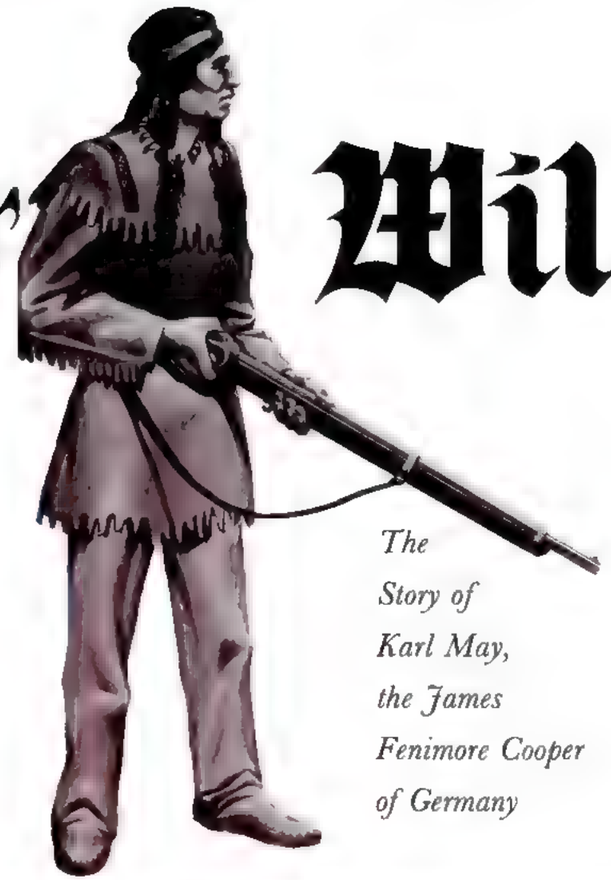
SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

SVENSKA SJÖSLAGET VID SVENSKSUND

SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

Winnetou of der Wild West



The Story of Karl May, the James Fenimore Cooper of Germany

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

I knew all about the American West at the tender age of ten—twenty-two years before I actually saw America. The source of my early, and extremely bizarre, information was the German adventure writer Karl May, who has been dead since 1912 but is still one of the best-selling authors of all times. His seventy books have sold over fifteen million copies in various German editions alone; and they have been translated into "more than twenty cultural languages," including Volapük and Braille—but not English.

Perhaps English and American youths, brought up on real cowboy stuff, wouldn't have swallowed May's fantasies. But, to the boys of my generation in Central Europe, and to countless boys before and after me, the "German J. Fenimore Cooper" was the greatest writer since Homer. May was a contemporary of two other famous Saxonians, Richard Wagner and Friedrich Nietzsche, but we had never heard of *them*.

It has been claimed that Karl May never saw the American West on which he was such an authority. That isn't true. He made a short trip to America in 1908, when he was sixty-six and a millionaire, but that was long *after* he'd written his masterpieces about the Wild West. His ignorance was offset by his vivid imagination. Although he didn't believe in research, he had the goods when it came to spinning a yarn, and he kept me in breathless suspense for the best years of my adolescent life. In Germany today he is still popular with adolescents, many in their forties and fifties. The American West is the favorite locale of his most popular books (written in something of a Kit Carson style), but occasionally he took his fascinated readers into the unknown Near East, the Sudan, the Cordilleras — with a maximum of imagination and a minimum of facts.

The great Goethe once told Eckermann that any writer whose work survives him for twenty years is "something of an author." Karl May has stood the test of time. Fifty years after his death he is still read by innumerable small (and not so small) boys all over the world. His most popular book, *Winnetou*, has sold over 800,000 copies in Germany alone. Not surprisingly, the author later added *Winnetou II* and *Winnetou III*, and as the demand kept up, he wrote *Winnetou's Heirs*.

Two noted Karl May fans, Albert Einstein and Albert Schweitzer, years ago met in Colorado, watched

SIEGFRIED IN A COONSKIN CAP — It is ironic that Karl Friedrich May never saw the United States until all of his nearly forty volumes of American western adventures were completed. It is equally ironic that May, with his continuing influence on the young (and old) German mind, remains virtually unknown to scholars and buffs of western Americana, for May's bigger-than-life image of the American West remains an important contributor to the formulation of German viewpoints about the United States. In fact, personnel with the United States State Department in Germany are urged to read May's works in order to better understand the average German's idealized image of the United States, for nearly every German, Austrian, or Swiss has been exposed to the thrilling western tales of "Karl der Deutsche."

And May's influence is mounting. In 1963 Roland Schmid, president of the Karl May Verlag *in Bamberg, West Germany, estimated that some twenty-six million copies of May's works had been sold. Since then, a new jubilee edition, some translations into English, and the end of copyright restrictions have boosted May's influence even more. In* Der Spiegel, *the German weekly news magazine, May was recently recognized as a kind of* "Preceptor Germaniae, *whose influence, without doubt, is greater than that of any other German author between Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Thomas Mann."*[1]

This influence is heightened every year as some 100,000 German Wild West enthusiasts (mostly adults) gallop to Bad Segeberg and the famous Karl May Festival, where popular German film stars portray May heroes in such dramas as Under Vultures; Black Mustang; Winnetou, the Red Gentleman; *and* The Treasure of Silver Lake.

In spite of an unlikely background, May still managed to win the unofficial laureate title as the most beloved writer of German youth. German critics, however, saw May's often bloody tales as evil influences on youthful imaginations. But since the turn of the century such criticism has lessened — except for a period in the 1940's when Thomas Mann's son Klaus called Hitler's Third Reich "Karl May's ultimate triumph."[2] *Today May is universally accepted as a harmless phase of reading through which most German youths must pass.*

May projected himself into the Wild West through the figure of Old Shatterhand, a German Natty Bumppo with culture and refinement. A mixture of Tom Mix, Hopalong Cassidy, Siegfried, and Christ, Old Shatterhand is a blond-haired, blue-eyed superman who embodies the ideal traits of the Bismarck era of German nationalism — the era of Deutschland uber alles.

To accompany Old Shatterhand, May created a German Chingachook — Winnetou, the noble chief of the Apaches — a cultured blend of the finest traits of the Indian and German nations, a nonscalping "savage" who reads Longfellow's Hiawatha *in leisure moments, is fluent in all tongues, and is an eloquent philosopher, besides knowing all the Cooperian tricks of stalking and pathfinding.*

Together these supermen roam the West, lending assistance and moral admonition to a frontier overrun with innumerable German settlements, immigrants and frontiersmen (Westmänner). *Such stalwarts are needed in a rough wilderness menaced with greedy, cunning Yankees, wicked half-breeds, and hypocritically pious but murderous Mormons. In May's work right makes might, and Shatterhand and Winnetou—and Germany—prevail.*

In the accompanying article, Joseph Wechsberg illustrates the great influence which May and his creations have had on German youth; for Wechsberg, as with most German lads, spent a portion of his youth under May's binding spell. Wechsberg illustrates the truth in the statement that an almost foolproof way into the heart of a native German is not through Sauerbraten und Bier *but through asking him if he has read Karl May. Wechsberg has.*

Richard H. Cracroft

[1] "Karl der Deutsche," Der Spiegel, *XVI (September 12, 1962), 73.*
[2] *Klaus Mann, "Cowboy Mentor of the Fuhrer,"* Living Age, *CCCLIX (November, 1940), 222.*

ARCHIV KARL-MAY-VERLAG BAMBERG

It has been said that Karl May never saw the American West.

an Indian show, and fondly talked about Winnetou, the hero of their youthful days. Karl Zuckmayer, the German playwright, named his daughter Winnetou—something of a literary joke because Karl May's Winnetou, "the great chief of the Apaches," was a man. And the unfortunately unforgotten author of another best seller called *Mein Kampf* was a great Karl May admirer and kept over seven and a half feet of May's collected works in his private library.

Sometimes Hitler borrowed May quotations for his speeches, for instance to describe the ideal German type as a man "with muscles of iron and sinews of steel." What Hitler did not tell his mesmerized listeners was the fact that Karl May's description concerned an American character called "Westmann" (with two n's), and

WINNETOU, THE RED GENTLEMAN

Winnetou wore . . . an Indian hunting outfit of elk leather and light mocassins decorated with porcupine quills. He wore no headdress. His blue-black hair was arranged in a helmet-like knot, and fell, when he sat in the saddle, like a mane, reaching almost down to back of the horse. But no eagle feather decorated this Indian hair style. This chief never wore one, for it was evident on first glance that this was no usual warrior. I have seen him amidst chiefs who were decorated with the eagle feather, and with all manner of possible victory signs. His kingly bearing, his free, easy and proud stride, showed him always as the noblest of all. Who looked at him with one single glance saw immediately that here was an important man. Around his neck he carried a valuable peace pipe, his medicine bag, and a three-strand chain of grizzly claws that he had obtained only through facing possible death. The cut of his earnest, manly, beautiful face, the cheekbones of which barely stood out, was almost Roman, and the color of his skin was a dull, light brown, with a breath of bronze floating over it.

from Christmas in the Wild West, *Richard H. Cracroft, translator*

OLD SHATTERHAND

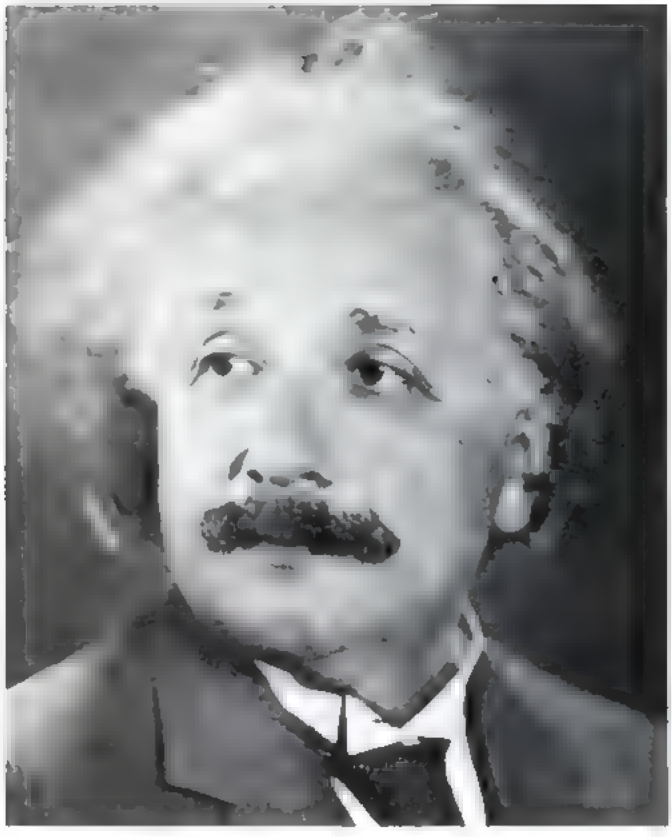
[*Old Shatterhand*] *was not broadly built or very tall. His sun tanned face was framed by a dark-blond full beard. He wore fringed "leggins" and a hunting jacket that was likewise fringed on the seams. Long boots were pulled up over the knee, and in the band of his broad-brimmed felt hat nestled the tipped ears of fearsome grey* [*grizzly*] *bears. In the wide leather . . . belt perched two revolvers and a Bowie knife. The belt was loaded with cartridges and was hung about with several purses in which frequently needed items of the* Westmann *were to be found. From the left shoulder to the right hip was slung a looped lasso, and around the neck hung a peace pipe suspended from a silk string and decorated with hummingbird skins in which Indian symbols had been carefully and artistically cut. A broad strap held a long, heavy, double-barreled gun* [*called "Bear Killer"*] *snugly against his back, while a lighter, single barreled weapon, with an unusual lock, rested in his hand*

from Winnetou, *Vol. I. Richard H. Cracroft, translator*

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Sometimes Hitler borrowed May quotations for his speeches.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



Einstein was a devotee of Winnetou in his youthful days.

not a German. As a researcher, Hitler wasn't much better than May.

The man whose creations impressed such diverse personalities as Schweitzer and Hitler was born in 1842 in Hohenstein-Ernstthal, a small town in the Saxonian Erzgebirge. His father was an impoverished weaver, and the boy didn't get much of an education. In fact, his favorite reading matter as a boy was *The Robbers' Den in Sierra Morena*, *The Angel of the Oppressed*, and *Emilia, the Walled-In Nun*—masterpieces, no doubt, whose authors have been mercifully forgotten.

At the age of twenty the young man got in trouble with the law, and during the next twelve years Karl May served various prison sentences for minor thefts. Altogether he spent almost eight years in prison, and it was there that he began to write his adventure books—to break the monotony of cell life or to escape into a never-never world. Most of his books are written in the first person. The author-narrator calls himself at various times "Old Shatterhand," "Old Surehand," or "Old Firehand." By the time May was out of prison he had earned so much money with his books that he was able to buy himself a large villa with a small park in Radebeul, a suburb of Dresden. He spent most of his life there and set up his own publishing company.

I would never have believed that my great author-explorer rarely walked farther than into the park behind his house in search of inspiration, or that he had never seen the Wild West. To me, Winnetou was very much alive, a great and noble Indian chief "with his black hair

This was Karl May's library at Radebeul near Dresden.

falling down," and I was intimately acquainted with Old Shatterhand "who felled every enemy with a strong blow against the temple," and in critical moments relied on his magnificent rifles, the *Henrystutzen*, a sort of carbine "with drawn-out barrel," and the *Bärentöter* ("bear-killer"), a muzzle-loader with which Old Shatterhand would hit a bull's eye 1,500 meters away.

The current paperback edition of *Winnetou* shows a picture of the great chief, together with a map of North America. New York, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco are included solely for orientation; the main feature is the narrator's journey "from Kiowa Village to Nugget-tsil to Pueblo, Colorado."

May's books—like the works of many popular novelists—all seem strangely alike. His characters are strictly black or white, either horrible villains or wonderful heroes. The narrator faces certain death every fifty pages or so, but he always extricates himself from a hopeless trap with one of his magic rifles. May often refers to the German ancestry and Teutonic virtues of Old Shatterhand, but he knows no color line: there are good and bad palefaces, and good and bad Indians. The palefaces exclaim "Zounds!" or "The devil!," the cowboys say, "Good day, Mesch'schurs!" (sic), and the Indians express their feelings in monosyllables such as "Pshaw!," "Uff!," or "Howgh!". Some of the white heroes have a fatal resemblance to the late Kaiser Wil-

An original room of the Radebeul Karl May Museum.

helm II and Fürst Bismarck, who were obviously May's heroes. There are veiled and mystic theories of racism, and the hero-narrator tries to convert his enemies to Christianity.

It's not great literature; yet today, fifty years after his death, Karl May is for the first time discussed by serious German critics and *Professoren* of literature who agree, somewhat reluctantly, that he was more than a mere producer of readable "*Schund*" (trash). Arno Schmidt calls him "ten per cent genius and ninety per cent hack, an awful mishmash."

Actually, Karl May is that typical German, split-level phenomenon who at his best has something of Goethe and at his worst a lot of Goebbels. At any rate he is still around in the memories of the older generation and in the dreams of the younger one. Many boys in Europe would rather believe Karl May's fictitious description of the American West than a televised documentary from Pueblo, Colorado. If May didn't know the whole truth, he had a sense of the deeper truth—the one people like to believe. A short extract from *Winnetou* shows how he did it:

"Here you see Old Shatterhand," Winnetou told the warriors of the Apaches. "He stabbed the grizzly bear with his knife and fells every enemy with his fist. Intschu tschuna and Winnetou were several times in his power. But he didn't kill

us, he let us live because he loves us and is a friend of the red man. Is that so?"

"Howgh!"

And again:

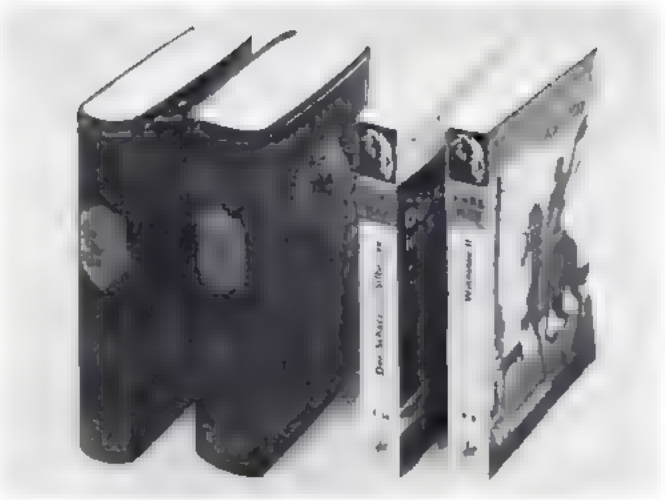
"It was Klekih-petra's last word and will that Old Shatterhand should become his successor. He will be accepted as a member of our tribe and he will be an Apache Chief, as if he'd been born here. He should smoke the peace pipe with every warrior of the Apaches, but instead he will drink Winnetou's blood, and Winnetou will drink his. Then Old Shatterhand will be blood of our blood, and flesh of our flesh. Do the warriors of the Apaches agree?"

"Howgh, howgh, howgh!" was their answer.

Karl May was a tormented man. Twice married, he spent his money as fast as he made it. He drank black coffee all night to be able to write, and doped himself with sleeping pills in the morning. He took part in the spiritualistic seances that were then the fashion. In his last years he wrote an autobiography which a noted German critic calls "strange and mysterious and not silly at all." And his books *Ardistan* and *Dschinnistan* have little in common with his adventure novels, but then they were not written for us boys. A few years before his death May began to fight back against his detractors. In 1912, toward the end, he lectured before Vienna's Academic Society for Literature and Music on "Empor ins Reich der Edelmenschen!" Many years later, when I saw the not-so-wild American West, I heard the late Aimee McPherson discuss a similar topic in Los Angeles, California.

A few months ago, when I happened to be in Dresden, I went to Radebeul to visit the home of my erstwhile hero. The "Villa Shatterhand" is now inhabited by strangers—the street that was once called after Karl May is now named after the German poet, Hölderlin—but a sign at the gate says: "The Greenhorns Are Informed That the Museum Is Behind the Villa."

A Greenhorn [writes May in the first chapter of "Winnetou"] is a man who greets the man in the house before he has bowed to the Mistress and the Miss; who loads his rifle by putting in the shell upside down; who speaks no English at all or very stilted English, and hates Yankee-English; who thinks a raccoon is an opossum; who, after being slapped by a Paddy (an Irishman), runs to the justice of the peace instead of shooting the offender on the spot as a real Yankee would do. . .



May's early books and recent paperbacks — twenty-six million have been sold in Germany alone.

The Karl-May Museum, built in 1926 by May's widow as a memorial to her husband, is shaped like an "American Blockhouse in Wild West Style." I'm glad to report that it remains an attraction for boys of all ages who make the pilgrimage there to travel right back into their more uninhibited youth.

There are only two pictures and a bust of Karl May in the blockhouse. They show a mild man with silvery hair and white mustache, a black coat, and a large bow tie of black silk. He might be a missionary, a country quack, or one of the painters in Montmartre who used to prop up their water colors against the trees of the Boulevard de Clichy. He did not look like a hero with sinews of steel who fells his enemies with his bare fist.

The blockhouse contains a fascinating, improbable selection of Wild West memorabilia, ranging from a rather gruesome, monumental painting by one Professor Elk Eber, Munich (perhaps the local Tintoretto there) to the weapons of "Tatanka Yotanka, better known as Sitting Bull." There is a fine collection of totem poles, tomahawks, shrunken heads, and peace pipes; a life-sized statue under glass of "Apache Warrior on Way

to Enemy"; and a tomahawk allegedly taken by General Sheridan from the Sioux Chief Sitting Bull.

But the *pièce de résistance* is a framed scalp, with a notice underneath:

> Tucson, Arizona, April 22, 1930 (INS). Riding out of their wilderness mountain hideout, high up in the Sierra Madre, a band of wild Apache Indians attacked and scalped three men last April 10, in a camp near Nacori Chico, Sonora, Mexico, it was reliably reported today by V. M. White, American mining engineer. The three victims were believed to be Mexicans who had opened fire on the marauders while the Apaches were looting the camp.

Obviously that wouldn't have happened if Winnetou had been there.

The notice doesn't say that the scalp was from one of the victims, but this is tacitly assumed by the awed visitors, who included when I was there several Vopos off duty and two Russian soldiers. The Russians were as fascinated by the exhibit as if it had been brought by their cosmonauts straight from the moon. This surprised me because Karl May was never translated into Russian.

One room is dedicated to General George A. Custer, and another to that great promoter of the Wild West, Colonel William C. Cody. It exhibits, among other things, a framed page from the German newspaper *Buffalo Bill's Wild West* (circulation 62,000), offering 3,500 one-mark seats for Buffalo Bill's first personal appearance in Frankfurt am Main in the early years of the century. Outside in the hall an elderly lady, Frau Hoffmann, sells the "Greenhorns" colored postcards of "Apache on War Path." She told me of her late husband, who had made a career and good living by following the traces of Karl May's imaginary heroes and bringing back trophies that were later ascribed to the nonexisting heroes.

A visit to the Karl May Museum seems a harmless Sunday morning escape for East German "Greenhorns," but perhaps the Ulbricht regime doesn't agree, for there is talk in Dresden that the Museum will soon be closed. Karl May, who preached Christian tolerance and semi-racial theories, is not exactly *persona grata* in the DDR. Also, he committed the sin of never writing about the DDR's heroes, the workers and peasants; perhaps he didn't even know they existed.

A few years ago the Karl May Verlag in Radebeul packed up its reserves, filled a freight car with unsold books, and moved to Bamberg in West Germany where they will presumably publish Karl May forever. Howgh!

[c. 1962 by Saturday Review, Inc.]

Forthcoming Articles

The fall (November) issue will be greatly enlarged. It will contain sixteen extra pages and will include full-color illustrations and a cover in color.

C. Gregory Crampton in a picture essay describes the history and scenery of the colorful canyon lands of Utah and Arizona.

Custer is present in two pieces: **Walter F. Peterson,** *Elizabeth Custer's Christmas on the Plains,* and **Kent L. Steckmesser,** *Custer in Fiction.* Mrs. Custer's description of Christmas is from a heretofore unpublished manuscript. Custer inspired a seemingly endless outpouring of novels for both the young and the old.

Donald E. Worcester tells the story of the great Sioux chief in *Spotted Tail: Warrior, Diplomat.*

Lewis O. Saum examines Indian-white relations in *The Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Indian.* This article throws additional light on the perennial subject of the treatment of the Indian by the Anglo and the Latin as they came in contact in the early years of the settlement of America by Europeans.

Watson Parker in *Moods, Memories, and Mirages* describes the place of the Great American Desert in periodical literature.

Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* has never been out of print in nearly a century and a quarter. **John H. Kemble** recounts the birth and development of the various editions of this western sea classic, including the latest, to appear in the fall of this year.

Why They Went West

Economic Opportunity on the Trans-Mississippi Frontier

BY MARTIN RIDGE

Although a large portion of the trans-Mississippi West had been acquired by the United States as early as 1803, the decade of the 1840's provides a watershed that conveniently divides not only the rate but also the nature of the region's economic growth. During this decade, the Oregon boundary dispute was resolved peacefully, Texas was annexed, and the Mexican War just about rounded out what was to be the contiguous territory of the United States. In these years the Mormons succeeded in building a highway of way stations to their Zion at Salt Lake. Missouri and Iowa were being filled in, and the latter state was becoming a producer of grain surpluses. Trails had been marked to Santa Fe as well as to Oregon and even California. A generation of fur hunters had already combed the banks of icy streams and mountain rivers, and although aspects of the trade were still profitable, many of the fur men were ready to settle down to a more peaceful life, such as serving as trail guides for overland parties. Even more important, before the close of the 1840's, gold had been discovered in California.

Because of these dramatic events, the public image of the West began to change. The naked deserts, stoney mountains, and short-grass prairies were no longer viewed as inhospitable and valueless. Until the 1840's, the trans-Mississippi West could count its citizens in the thousands, with almost all of them bunched in the first tier of states west of the river and in Texas. A mere handful, about one per cent of the nation's population, was scattered across the supposed wasteland between the high plains and the Pacific Coast. After the 1840's, the tide of migration swelled into a larger movement of people than the nation had ever experienced.

For millions of Americans rather than for a few thousand, the Far West seemed to offer a genuine opportunity. There can be no question that the process of the economic development of this area—that is, the dispersion of population, capital, and developing technology—contributed to changing the social outlook of Americans, raised the wage level of workers, and salvaged American credit from the wreckage of the Panic of 1837 by rebuilding the strength of the nation's financial institutions. Equally interesting and significant was the high status of the small businessman in America in the 1840's. The great railroad systems and the enormous industrial organizations that grew up with them were still in the offing as the decade closed. For editors, lawyers, lumbermen, hotel keepers, merchants, doctors, cobblers, tanners, tinners, butchers, school teachers, bakers, blacksmiths, and even harlots, it was

People getting ready to make the run to Oklahoma, 1889 — lined up on the main street of Wellington, Kansas.

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possible to sell the stock or transport the assets of their business to a new region without fear of outside monopolistic competition.

Undoubtedly, gold triggered the process that exploded the highly volatile western economy. Its impact was so great because mining resulted in such tremendous inputs of labor, capital, business knowledge, and scientific genius that scholars have been prone to overlook the continuing contribution that the expanding frontier had made to the economy. Although one can scarcely conceive of the economic history of development of the Far West without gold, one can safely assume that national growth would have been slower, and perhaps more orderly, but the end product would probably have been very similar. The exploitation of base metals such as lead and copper would eventually have resulted in recruiting capital from many of the same sources, and the need for technical knowledge would have forced the same kind of technological innovations and importations. Population, that essential in the process of economic development, would have moved west anyway because, as Josiah Strong once quoted Charles Dickens as having said, "The typical American would hesitate to enter heaven unless assured that he could go farther West."

In the early 1840's, the westward-moving American pioneers did not form a continuous single frontier line. There was a steady expansion into the first tier of trans-Mississippi states and Texas, a plan on the part of the Mormons to occupy the Great Basin, and an attempt to by-pass the plains and deserts and settle California and Oregon. Behind each of these movements was a complex set of dynamic factors, but no movement ignored economic considerations.

A good case in point was the odyssey of Peter Hardeman Burnett. Born in 1807 in Nashville, Tennessee,

Gold was discovered here in the tailrace of Sutter's Mill on the south fork of the American River, which started the famous rush to California in 1849 and after

Burnett was a lawyer who moved first to Missouri, then to Oregon, and finally to California. A man of ability and energy, he served as a member of the Oregon Supreme Court and later as a member of the California constitutional convention and that new state's first elected governor. In the winter of 1842–43, Burnett read a congressional report describing Oregon. He learned that there was a bill pending in Congress which proposed to donate to each immigrant 640 acres of land, and 160 acres for each child. Burnett observed, "I had a wife and six children, and would, therefore, be entitled to sixteen hundred acres." He was also aware of the Anglo-American rivalry in the Northwest and believed that England "would not covet a colony settled by American citizens." Important to him also was his wife's health, which was seriously impaired by midwestern winters. Her physician told him that "the trip [to Oregon] would either kill or cure her." But weighing on him most heavily and influencing his decision was the burden of debts he had contracted in better times. As he put it, if the Oregon land could be secured, it "would ultimately enable me to pay up. There was at least a chance. In staying where I was, I saw no reasonable probability of being able to pay my debts." For Burnett, apparently, health, debts, patriotism, and economic opportunity in the form of land provided the incentive for his long journey west.

Hardly as subtle were the forces that operated on Josiah Belden, a young New York merchant-clerk who joined the Bartleson party to California in 1841. He later recalled:

> Those who joined it had heard some reports about California, but very vague, and they knew but little about it or the meaning of getting there, and started it as an exploring expedition to find their own way out there, and see what the

The use of handcarts in crossing the plains was a feature unique to the Mormon pioneer migration to the Far West in the years 1856 to 1860. (From Ballou's Pictorial *)*

ENTON, WHITE & CO
PIKE'S PEAK
PASSENGER & FREIGHT EXPRESS CO.

country was. If it proved attractive, some had an idea of settling there, and others joined it more as a matter of adventure, to see something of Indian life, and indulge in hunting on the plains and all that kind of thing.

For Belden, obviously, the West before the discovery of gold offered a joint opportunity for adventure and profit.

The Mormons, whose narrative is too familiar to recount, were representative of still other forces for migration away from the Mississippi Valley. Influencing them were conditioning factors that were not entirely social or political. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as Leonard Arrington has shown in his book, *Great Basin Kingdom*, was an economic unit. In fact, without its economic base the social theory of the church could not have functioned. This economic base, as church leaders like Joseph Smith and later Brigham Young recognized, could only operate in quasi-isolation. Mormonism was atypical of the frontier before the arrival of large corporate ventures because it stressed conservative values and tradition; it emphasized conformity; and except in the harsh struggle with its physical environment, it steadfastly refused to innovate and was imitative in music, architecture, and business practices.

The comparison of the Mormons to a large-scale enterprise should not be overlooked: Both required recruited capital, a disciplined labor force, a controlled development of a natural resource, and a sacrifice of quick profits for long term expansion to control a region. Both required managerial skill, enterprise, and a high quality of key leadership during the formative period. Both eventually diversified, not only in function but also in control, as singular executive leadership gave way gradually to a committee of a board of directors who had been trained for the task during the waning years of the century. But the Mormon leaders were more shrewd than most other frontier capitalists. They did not enter a possible market or area of operation without careful planning. They were reluctant to enter any region on the basis of casual observation and an incurable optimism. No Mormon undertaking was planned without the haunting possibility of failure.

St. Joseph, Missouri in 1859 was a supply headquarters and one of the major jumping-off places for the movement of passengers and freight to the Far West.

Burnett, Belden, and the Mormon leaders shared with other migrants, who merely inched their way westward in the early 1840's, certain general economic considerations that served to expand the frontier. In the South, there was soil exhaustion that resulted from the continuous production of a staple—cotton or tobacco—and there was intense competition from large-scale slave-owning planters in quest of the best lands. Very frequently in both the Midwest and the South, health was a significant economic factor, not only the health of people but also of farm animals. The midwestern frontier also expanded because of competition, but it was unquestionably influenced by heavy taxes in states east of the river. The disastrous state debt structure that resulted from heavy borrowing during the internal improvement splurge of the 1820's convinced many farmers to seek homes in states and territories in a more pristine financial condition. For the lumbermen who edged their way into Minnesota, however, the motivating factor was simple: For many small businessmen the Maritime Provinces and New England no longer offered opportunity commensurate with the effort.

For all these essentially agricultural groups, whose success depended on the exploitation of an available natural resource, the government's land policy was highly generous. The rights of squatters, long a hotly debated issue, were legalized by the Pre-emption Act of 1841, which provided that the head of a family, a single man over twenty-one years of age, or a widow could file a claim for 160 acres of the public domain. To make the claim valid, even the most casual evidence was acceptable as proof that a dwelling had been built upon it. The Pre-emption Act did not give land away, but it guaranteed prior claimants a chance to secure land at a minimum price or to share in the profits of its improvements. Enacted not so much to hurry people onto unoccupied land but ostensibly to protect the interests of impoverished settlers, the measure encouraged speculators as well as pioneers to take up land in the vanguard of settlement. With or without pre-emption, however, pioneers and speculators protected their stake by claims associations that assured title until it could be confirmed by purchase.

Iowa, eastern Kansas, eastern Nebraska, and Minnesota were settled when pre-emption was considered a

basic aspect of the land policy. After the Mexican War land warrants issued to soldiers as bounties and valued at $1.25 an acre were assigned or sold for as little as fifty cents an acre. These cheap land warrants and the pre-emption law turned the frontier into a carnival of speculation. The only brake on the upward drive of land prices in these regions was the lack of adequate transportation. Where dependence was upon the stagecoach and the freight line, growth was slow; but where the palatial steamboat could navigate a river, population increased and business boomed. Between 1840 and 1850, Iowa's population reached 150,000, and within another decade it was to exceed half a million.

During the same period frontier towns in Kansas pleaded, "What we want is more mechanics. . . . We have not got a Saddler, Shoemaker, Tailor . . . and every one of these business[men] would do the very best business here." Minnesota's growth was slower, however. One overly zealous newspaperman announced that the mercury had frozen one winter when someone exposed a thermometer to the weather! Kansas suffered because of the slavery controversy—investors being cautious about taking funds into areas of high risk, but Missourians seeking cheap land regardless of political interests moved nonetheless. Some of these could not even be considered small-scale speculators. A good case in point was an impoverished family who refused $4000 for land ten miles from Ozawkie, Kansas, on which they were struggling to establish a claim.

Money was plentiful in the trans-Mississippi West during the early 1850's. Much of this capital was recruited in the East for lending purposes. When land sales were held, the squatters were able to purchase with ease because lenders readily accepted mortgages on their lands. Land changed ownership rapidly in a steadily increasing spiral of prices, and towns were platted and projected as potential rivals of New York and St. Louis.

Land-hungry emigrants resting in Manhattan, Kansas, 1860.

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However, as Horace Greeley observed somewhat later on his westward trip, there were many shiftless nonproductive people in Kansas, not just lawyers and speculators, but professional squatters who did not even want to break the land, raise a crop, or build a house. Describing these early days in Kansas, John J. Ingalls, later a United States senator, wrote that before 1860, Kansas did not export enough corn, pork, and hides to pay for the whiskey that it consumed. Imported capital in the form of loans and of charity sustained it.

The speculative bubble broke in 1857. Western land prices sagged, internal improvements ceased, and the trans-Mississippi states followed their eastern sisters toward near bankruptcy. Many settlers moved into towns to live with relatives. The frontier line receded. Some men put their property in their wives' names so that it could not be seized for debt.

The Panic of 1857, in a sense, brought to an end one of the first rushes for agricultural lands in the trans-Mississippi region. After it, gold discoveries in the Far West exercised a direct but mild influence on farm settlement in Kansas and Nebraska. Returning prospectors, especially from Colorado after 1859, took a new look at farm land. Occasionally a prospector's ardor cooled before he reached the Colorado fields. Hearing the bad news of hard work, scanty finds, and gold embedded in quartz deposits where machines could scarcely extract it, some men settled down to establish ranches on the edge of the plains. In the prairie area the cost of a frame house was $250, breaking forty acres of ground another $120, and fencing a site could run from a minimum of $150 to an incredible figure, depending on the availability of a lumber dealer.

The advent of the Civil War just about stabilized the frontier. Mining, however, was, if anything, stimulated by the war. Gold had been found in Colorado only two years before the shooting began, and the better mining

Still they came. Emigrant train in Topeka, Kansas, 1879.

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areas were well established. Miners noted the steady increase in the number of families that had fled from Missouri and Kansas to escape from the guerrilla fighting that characterized the war in the West. A substantial number of ex-soldiers and deserters also made their appearance, and no questions were asked of them. Odd types and diverse elements were not unusual in the camps; the mining frontier had long served as a magnet to attract people from all strata of society.

During the half-century in which the quest for precious metals was significant in the West, men from all walks of life, from most of the civilized nations of the world, and with the most general experience and knowledge attempted to profit in the mining camps. From 1848 on, for many of them, there was a feeling of restlessness and speculation, a desire to "cash in" on the exploitation of a free resource, and an eagerness to enjoy the greatest personal liberty while seeking to woo Dame Fortune. Even more than the western squatter-speculator, the prospector, miner, and mining camp entourage of lawyers, engineers, gamblers, and harlots were ready to abandon one region with the first rumors of the high profits to be made in another. Eventually cool-eyed prospectors scanned the topography of every mountain and desert state west of the hundredth meridian, always in search of that enormously profitable consumable resource that brought with it temporary or lasting fame, wealth, and success. In the wake of discovery, too, came towns, transportation, law and order, and even new states.

Gold was discovered as the United States stood on the threshold of the industrial era. For a generation growing to maturity, convinced that it could better itself only by making the most of each opportunity and living in a capital-starved economic community of small businessmen, the mining industry appeared to offer a magnificent chance. Initial profit was on the basis of chance or luck, an economic arena in which all men were equal. Furthermore, if gold hunting did not prove worthwhile, the mining camps cried out for nearly every knowledge and skill which any man possessed. Even at rock bottom, hired hands made three to four times as much a day as did labor in the East.

The first stories from the California gold fields about the wealth that could be made staggered the imagination. For some lucky prospectors there were fantastic rewards, while the average man in the fields earned $20 a day working his own diggings with the simplest of tools and homemade equipment. There was a more subtle economic truth recounted by Josiah Belden who operated a store at San Jose, California, in 1848. Finding that he could do no business in town after the gold discoveries, he left his store in the care of an old man and visited the mines. Belden was no prospector; he staked no claim. When he returned to San Jose, he found that "a considerable [element] of the Spanish population, who had been in the mines from San Jose . . . returned to that place, and with their newly acquired wealth had gone into the store to buy goods. . . . They commenced trading at such a rate," Belden recalled, that "I found on my return . . . [that I] had sold out nearly my whole stock of goods."

"Money," Belden observed, "was a rather new thing" for those who profited in the mines "and having come easy and quickly, they were just as ready to spend it." Within two years Belden sold his business and retired. Having come to California in 1842 in quest of adventure and fortune, within a decade he had struck it rich because of mining. Belden's was a small businessman's dream fulfilled.

Small businessmen continued to profit on the mining frontier, though most of them were certainly less fortunate than Belden. By and large the mining camps were established in regions where conversion from mining to any other industry was tediously slow or impossible. As a result, if the mines proved shallow or the lead-time in their development was too great, the merchant slowly succumbed to the credit system that made him the private banker for the field. And if law and order came, he alone had the visible assets to tax, and he alone was left to pay the costs of the community's social and political growth.

If the mining frontier began as the nation was emerging into industrialism, the latter stages of mining belong to the era of urbanization, of mass transportation in the form of the railroad, and of large-scale industrial enterprise. Mining, in fact, introduced large-scale enterprise into the trans-Mississippi West. Because gold was frequently fused with quartz, and silver was generally found with base metals, the surface wealth that drew

With the industrialization of mining in the Far West, a few still panned for gold, but most miners went underground.

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miners to a camp was quickly exhausted, and the development of almost every field required enormous amounts of capital and technical skill to make continuing profits possible. For the first time, the American frontier was able, in part at least, to provide funds for its own growth. San Francisco became the metropolitan center behind the mining operations west of Salt Lake. The initial fortunes made in California's Mother Lode and in the Comstock in Nevada, when experimentation and innovation were necessary for success, virtually fixed the policies of the San Francisco mining community. From the determination of what was profitable ore, the technique of setting timber in the shafts, and the design employed in making the machinery used for crushing rock, the Californians made almost no changes after their first breakthroughs, relying on eastern and European experts and technology. Like almost all large-scale business venturers, the San Franciscans were cautious—if the mining frontier could produce caution. By contemporary standards they may have been overly optimistic or somewhat less than well informed, but as big businessmen they were hardly plungers.

The eastern edge of the mountain area was in some measure dominated by the technology developed in the Colorado fields. Its source of capital was Chicago where the machines used in the Colorado mines were manufactured. Like their San Franciscan counterparts, the large-scale mining interests in Denver were highly conservative. Once the small operators had pioneered early mining practices to make them profitable, the industry almost froze its technology.

The mines were essentially factories. As a Montanan observed of Bannack in 1863, it "was not supposed to be a settlement, but simply a mining camp where everyone was trying to get what he could, and then go home." But once the prospector stage of placer and pan was passed, the camps changed. If the area was meager in its offering of gold, the ubiquitous Chinese appeared to substitute human energy and a low standard of living for returns which Caucasians viewed as unprofitable. Statistics on the distribution of Orientals throughout the West in the period before 1880 is a useful index of worn-out mines and of low-level technology.

Where a region was rich, the earliest prospectors who had not made their fortunes drifted off in search of another strike. In their place came "real miners." These were American industrial workers, immigrants from Europe, and from the United Kingdom, who were willing to work in the shafts several hundred feet under ground and suffer the outrageous temperatures and thirst that were associated with this kind of labor. They were also willing to join labor unions in the Nevada Comstock and to underwrite the cost of organizing miners in California and Colorado. The mine unions, dominated by Cornish immigrants, were as conservative as the companies that employed them. They fought technical changes devised in America and resorted to strikes and to violence to protect their work rules. The companies, controlled by eastern investors or the lucky few who had struck it rich in the fields, lived in the image of mining as a free, enterprising operation and fought back with strikebreakers and the state militia. By and large the companies were successful in just about every instance except in matters of pay scale.

At this latter phase, mining can be considered an urban activity. Even though the mines were far removed from eastern population centers, they were actually company towns which presented all of the evils of an eastern captive community plus a few western innovations with almost no redeeming characteristics. Surrounding most of them was the naked, arid western countryside, grassless, with a few homes, and a larger number of shanties. The refuse of the mine and community, spurning decay, stood as a silent reminder of man's exploitation of nature. Eventually, when the resource was gone or unprofitable to develop, the town would be abandoned, a mute testimonial of the era, that is until the twentieth century when a ghost town could be a western county's most valuable economic resource.

In almost every instance the mining frontier developed in regions devoid of resident populations or industry. This meant that transportation lines had to be constructed and commercial links established with metropolitan centers. Frequently these commercial ties reached over several hundred miles. The miners on the Colorado River in Arizona, in what is now the Lake Mead area, were supplied by sailing and steam vessels from San Francisco that sailed south around the tip of Baja California and then to the mouth of the Colorado River. Goods were transshipped at the delta and exchanged for ore that was carried back to San Francisco for smelting. In the Pike's Peak rush, the depression-

ridden Missouri Valley was the basic supplier for prospectors until the larger cities of the Midwest began producing machines and providing capital.

The Mormons were especially well situated to capitalize on the transportation and supply problems of the miners. From the very first gold rush, even the forty-niners were refitted with equipment and were traded healthy animals for the exhausted and overworked beasts that had been pushed beyond capacity as the Argonauts crossed the plains. The church did not look with sympathy on prospecting, and although there were Mormons in the California gold fields, the Mormon community

Over-exploitation of local water, the land, or mineral resources often ended in the abandonment of the town.

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actually waited for mining to reach closer to Utah before taking advantage of its presence. Then a brisk trade grew up with the mining camps, supplying them with agricultural produce and providing them with freighting service. Salt Lake City became a minor financial center. Some of the money recruited in this way was used to finance a network of small railways which connected Salt Lake City with the territories' principal mining districts after the Union Pacific Railroad was built into Ogden. As a result the Mormon capital city became a significant ore-processing center, and in the era of base metal exploitation, it retained its influence. To prevent gentiles from invading Zion, the church reversed its stand on Mormon miners, encouraging its men to take the industrial jobs at high wages so that no labor shortage would exist in the Great Basin. "Utah," Professor Rodman W. Paul has noted, "was unlike most of the Far West in that the farmers, stock raisers, and town builders had preceded the miner."

The mining frontier was unusual because during the thirty years that followed the discovery of gold in California new fields were opened, exploited, and abandoned in just about every far western state at almost the same time. Gold, silver, and lead strikes overlapped each other in time, and except for the general tendency of prospectors to fan out over the region moving from west to east, one could almost conclude that the West was exploited everywhere simultaneously. Nothing permanent seemed to develop in the wake of the prospectors until the 1880's when emphasis in the industry had in large measure shifted from the development of precious metals to base metals. But even before this change occurred, especially on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, small farm communities were established. They were, however, far from a significant part of the farmer's

Shooting buffalo on the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. (From Leslie's Illustrated *newspaper, June, 1871)*

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frontier. Most such regions relied on irrigation for water and depended upon the commercial and mining centers of the West to consume their production.

The farmer's frontier emerged after the Civil War with renewed vigor because of significant new opportunities, new technology, and an even more generous policy toward the utilization of the public domain. New agricultural machines and significant improvements in existing models made possible the production and harvesting of larger crops of wheat, corn, oats, and rye. Men also realized that the high plains, where millions of antelope and buffalo thrived, could support beef cattle and provide the basis for a livestock industry of unprecedented dimension. At the same time, the government began the wholesale distribution of public lands as a colossal subsidy for the building of western railroads. More than 150 million acres were alienated in this manner. The land system, too, was altered. The Homestead Law *gave* away what the Pre-emption Act had merely allowed the claimant to exploit. And subsequent legislation permitted the allocation for additional millions of acres for the use of ranchers, lumbermen, miners, and farmers.

As a result the West entered a new land-boom era after 1865. The Union Pacific Railroad building westward from Omaha employed hunters to shoot buffalo to feed its crews, and later adventure seekers also killed these beasts until the great plains herds were decimated. Year by year other railroads built toward the cattle kingdom, until it was unnecessary to drive cattle to Abilene or Newtown, Kansas, for shipment east. And by the close of the 1870's, longhorn stock was being bred to prize eastern or imported breeds to secure a high quality beef cattle that would bring a good price in the butcher shops and stock yards of the East. The cattle kingdom spread gradually from southern Texas to Montana.

Driving cattle to the railroad through streets of Dodge City. (From Leslie's Illustrated, *newspaper, July, 1878)*

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Those very plains which George Catlin had termed "useless to cultivating man" were the basis of steadily growing enterprise.

The land rush that followed the Civil War brought thousands of homesteaders to central Kansas, central Nebraska, and eastern Dakota. Some were impoverished, or nearly so, and spent much of their investment funds for machines, sod-breaking, and good livestock. After these heavy outlays and the cost of moving to the region, they were reduced to living in dugouts, a room dug into the side of a hill or ravine. A few posts, a door frame, and possibly a window constituted the purchases necessary for this kind of dwelling. One estimate placed the total cost excluding labor at less than three dollars. Like the sod house of which it was a forerunner, the dugout was far from comfortable. Heavy rains could cause cave-ins, poor drainage meant an endless supply of mosquitoes, and a hot dry summer resulted in interminable dirt.

Even for settlers wealthy enough to build frame houses, lumber was in short supply. Eventually prices of milled wood declined as wood became available because of continued railroad construction which brought intense competition among lumber dealers who marketed at the junction points of various roads. The lumber industry in the upper Mississippi Valley, however, was highly stimulated by the new demands. This was still essentially a small- to moderate-sized businessman's enterprise. The "timber barons" who were to emerge by the close of the century had not yet acquired their vast holdings or begun the policy of systematic consolidation that was to make lumbering one of the most profitable of western enterprises. The modestly sized lumbermen of this era were still attempting to innovate in methods of logging, methods of shipment, especially methods of marketing.

From the forests of Minnesota to the boundary of the Indian Territory of Oklahoma, there were many transient speculators seeking to take advantage of the lax enforcement of the pre-emption and homestead laws. Some just staked claims on what looked like a potentially valuable piece of river bottom land, a handsome copse of hardwood, or a quarter section of pine and waited for a buyer. Most made a sham of the legal provisions that required residence. They commuted, that is, paid cash for their land, $1.25 per acre, as soon as they had an available purchaser. In fact, homesteading or preempting became a business, albeit an illegal one, as some settlers filed claims in Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

The Panic of 1873 slowed but did not really stop the steady postwar push for land. To some extent it did drive out the petty speculators. This was in part true because powerful new forces stimulated expansion. Many states with land to sell sent agents to Europe to encourage immigrants, and state lands were sold at very low prices. American farmers with virtually no capital who had some experience moved into western Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota where they filed homestead claims to compete with the ranchers for land. They lived like prairie dogs in sod houses, prayed for rain, and were lucky until the mid-1880's. Grain prices were increasing, land prices were rising, the ranchers were forced to fence with barbed wire or homestead their holdings, and drought was not persistent.

Western railroads also played an important role in distributing settlers. They advertised land in Europe, arranged easy and cheap transit, and provided genuinely competitive prices and terms for their lands. The Union Pacific did not pioneer railroad colonization, but its land price system was typical. The line offered eleven years of credit and only 10 per cent down on a purchase. Interest rates were low by contemporary standards, only 6 or 7 per cent annually, and none of the principal was collected for a three-year period.

Although the activities of the railroad-land promoters were undoubtedly based on the profit motive, some of them, like James J. Hill, shared in part in the same philosophy that brought most immigrants to America and was used as the rationale since Jefferson's day for a liberal land policy. As Hill expressed it:

> Land without people is a wilderness, and population without land is a mob. The United States has many social, political, and economic questions, some old, some new, to settle . . . but none so fundamental as the true relation of the land to the national life. The first act in the progress of any civilization is to provide homes for those who desire to sit under their own vine and fig tree.

The railroad land agencies did more than yeoman's work in establishing settlements along their rights of way. They not only recruited and subsidized farmers,

Dugouts in Osborne County, Kansas, in the early 1880's.

but they also helped to teach and to explain the farming process in the region. In some instances they established model farms and displayed high quality grains. In the Dakotas the bonanza farms, sprawling enterprises that extended over thousands of acres and were as mechanized as possible, were pioneered by railroad managers. The railroads were more venturesome than most large-scale enterprises because their economic and physical survival depended upon improved service that would assure the producers along their right of way a competitive position vis-à-vis other producers. In a very real sense the economic interests of the farmers and the lines were identical.

But if the railroads were willing to innovate and experiment in technology and marketing, they were in many ways a conservative force. The towns they established were essentially homogeneous in that systematic efforts were made to keep ethnic groups segregated, to govern them through their traditional leaders, and to perpetuate their customs even when they were incongruous in the western environment. Like the Mormon leadership in some ways, the railroad preferred to be imitative whenever possible. Continuity rather than change was the hallmark of the large-scale economic units. The individual farmer, small-scale lumberman, and pioneer prospector-developer were the men whose economic practices were most influenced by their western experience.

Whether hurried westward by the railroad promoters, by the Homestead Law, or by the allures of the town, land speculators, farmers, grain elevator operators, doctors, mechanics, lawyers, and politicians crowded the plains, staking out claims and demanding that the last large Indian holdings be opened for settlement. Boomers saw the land rush into Oklahoma and population even spread into regions unable to sustain traditional agricul-

Building the Leavenworth, Lawrence & Galveston Railroad bridge across the Kansas River, Lawrence, Kansas, 1867

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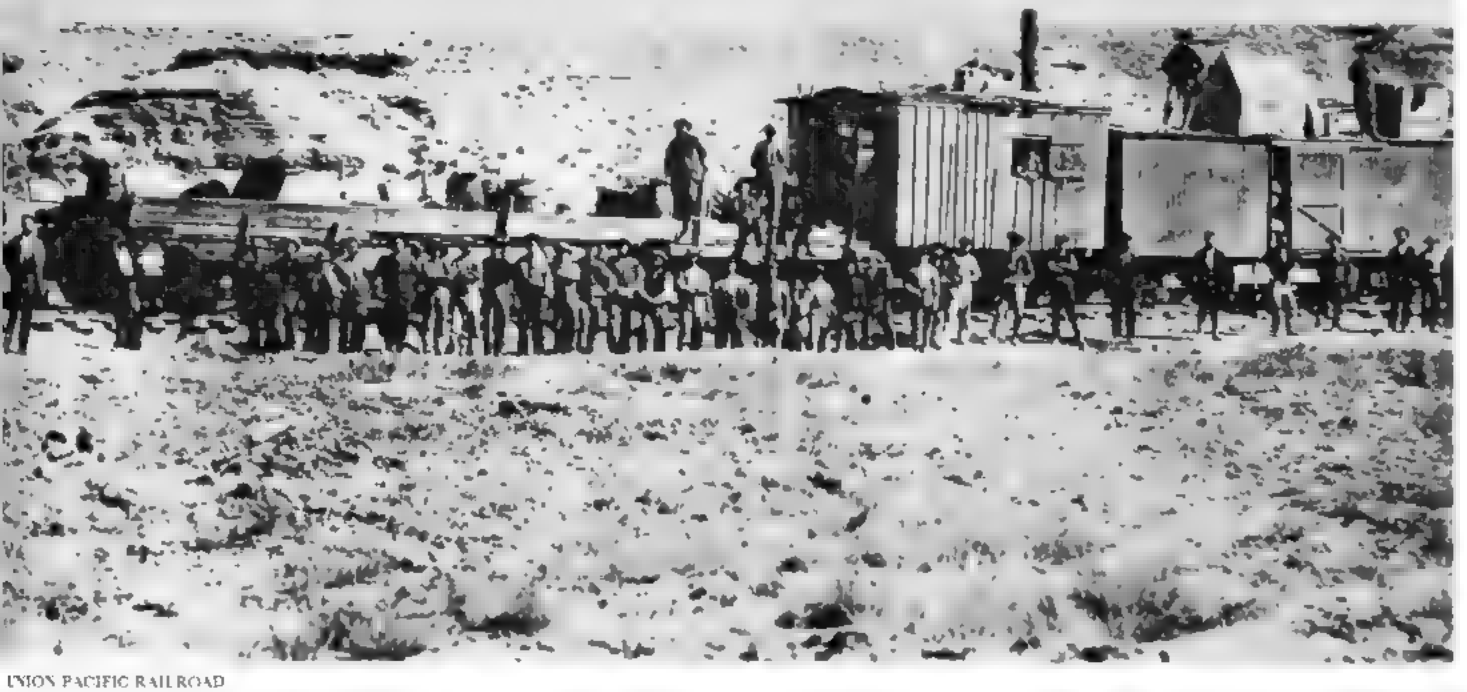
ture. By 1890 the Census Bureau announced the continuous frontier line that had been used to identify the western edge of settlement on the Bureau's maps could no longer be drawn. According to the Bureau's statisticians, only pockets remained on the map indicating where the territory could still be viewed as frontier.

Although many American politicians have lamented the passing of the economic opportunity which the frontier before 1890 came to signify, especially in times of depression, the passing of the frontier line was more of a psychological blow to American optimism than any genuine threat to national well-being. There was still much land available for homesteading, and the viability of the western economy had scarcely been tested. Oil, coal, and gas were only a few of the resources that still awaited development. In fact, the American economy's performance has displayed great strength in the post frontier era.

If the average American, living in a land of abundance, surpluses, and high productivity, is unhappy, professing to miss the western frontier, turns for psychic satisfaction to watching television's gun-toting bad men and tall-standing sheriffs, perhaps it is because, as Dickens observed of the American on the threshold of heaven, he is afraid that he will not be able to go farther west and keeps looking back at the dusty mining, farming, and business frontier from which he came.

Readers familiar with the literature of the West will recognize my heavy indebtedness to the works of Leonard Arrington, Ray Billington, Allan Bogue, Everett Dick, Paul W. Gates, William Greever, William Hanchett, Ralph Hidy, Doyce Nunis, Ernest Osgood, Fred Shannon, and, especially Rodman Paul. I would also like to acknowledge the aid of the Newberry Library for affording me an opportunity to read and think about the economic development of the West.

The transcontinental railroad was completed with the joining of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific in 1869



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

The "Lord" of Powder River

I will let loose against you the fleet-footed vines—
I will call in the Jungle to stamp out your lines!
The roofs shall fade before it,
The house-beams shall fall,
And the Karela, *the bitter* Karela,
Shall cover it all.

A cattle kingdom in Wyoming

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Cowboy and Englishman met in the West during the beef bonanza. The contact was short-lived, like the great cattle boom itself, but fun while it lasted, especially for the historian. To the cowboy anyone who spoke with an English accent was, more or less ironically, a "lord." The most dashing and spectacular of the "lords" who flashed like meteors over the Wyoming scene was Moreton Frewen.

In 1878 the Powder River country of northern Wyoming was a wilderness. The Indians had barely been subdued. There was no town at the present site of Buffalo—nothing anywhere except Fort McKinney and a road ranch and store at the Crazy Woman crossing of the Bozeman Trail where Gus Trabing yoked up fresh bull teams for the last pull to the fort. At the end of December, 1878, Moreton Frewen turned up at Trabing's with a story so incredible as to invite disbelief from the winter-bound idlers in the store. He and his brother Dick and two guides had just crossed the Big Horns—in the dead of winter—an unheard-of feat.

The audience of half a dozen, Frewen wrote, "not only thought we were phenomenal liars, but that . . . an alibi so reckless went a long way to prove that we were 'wanted' somewhere, and that the mere 'mad English' explanation of things was inadequate."

Moreton went east to make a splash in New York society, but before he left, the brothers had picked the site for their ranch house near the place where the forks of Powder River come together. Next summer he bought the 76 brand, and the first big herd of cattle was driven onto the Powder River range. Frewen always denied the story that the crafty owner of the cattle had driven them around and around a hill and that he, Frewen, had bought the same herd twice.

During the early bonanza years he flitted ceaselessly from Powder River to Cheyenne to New York to London and back again, dreaming up one wild scheme after another for making more money out of his cattle. He was also taking time out to court the lovely Clara Jerome, daughter of New York financier Leonard Jerome and sister of Jennie Jerome who married Lord Randolph Churchill. New York was a hotbed of international matchmaking but Moreton was known as "fast." What with a scandalous episode or two and all his racetrack plunging, he was scarcely the type to appeal to a conservative family. For a time his engagement to Clara

was kept secret, but perseverance won, and in 1881 they were married. He took his bride at once to the log mansion on Powder River.

And what a house it was! The great hall running up to the roof had a fireplace at each end and was hung all around with Indian trophies, buffalo robes, and the antlered heads of elk and deer. A solid walnut staircase ran up to the second floor where the sleeping quarters were, but midway there was a sort of a mezzanine—the "musicians' gallery," Frewen called it—with potted plants and vines twining up from the floor below. Downstairs there was a dining room, a library and office, and a living room, besides the kitchen and pantry. "Twenty of us," Frewen wrote his fiancée the year before their marriage, "could dine in the hall comfortably, and then move out to the piazza and watch the sunset."

Throughout the summer and fall months life at this wilderness mansion was one long house party. Horses were kept at relay points between Sussex (so named in honor of the county where Frewen was born) and Rock Creek station on the Union Pacific, two hundred miles to the south. Thus, arriving guests might be bowled along to the ranch without slackening speed. A telephone line—surely one of the first in the West—connected the main house with the 76 store and post office twenty-four miles on down the river.

Early in 1881 a few months before his marriage, Moreton wrote his future sister-in-law Lady Randolph Churchill: "Last night there were a lot of redskins—more naked than ashamed—talking to each other through it. I never saw such ludicrous astonishment, and I improved the occasion to persuade them that our rifles shot on that principle!"

The Frewens kept a visitors' book, its entries made up almost exclusively of notable names. Moreton was smitten with titles; he undoubtedly suffered because he himself was not born the son of a duke, and rarely does he mention in his memoirs anyone who was not at least the brother-in-law of an earl. His guest list for 1881 is worth quoting: "Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Lord Mayo and T. Porter Porter, Horace Flower, Lord Granville Gordon, Louise Frewen, Henry and Mrs. Gaskell, G. C. Leigh, Lords Manners and Donoughmore." On October 5, we learn, "Manners and M. F. killed 95 wild duck, mallards, shovellers, widgeon and teal, within a mile of the house." Game was plentiful and slaughter was the fashion.

It is ironic that with all the brilliant connections of which he was so vain, the one he never mentions in his memoir, published in 1924, is the one which outshines all the rest of them put together. He was the uncle by marriage of a young man named Winston Churchill.

In 1882 Frewen, then twenty-nine years old, went to London and with the flick of a wrist raised a million and a half dollars to extend his holdings on Powder River. Cattle prices reached their peak that year; they would never go so high again, but nobody knew it. "I had fallen into line with the company-mongering craze," he wrote ruefully years later, and the result was the organization of the Powder River Cattle Company, Ltd., with the Duke of Manchester as chairman of the board. The enlarged 76 outfit bought out local smaller owners and the next year trailed in additional great herds from Nebraska and Oregon.

The range claimed by the company ran from the headwaters of Powder River, with a piece of Tongue River thrown in, southward through central Wyoming to the Teapot Rock divide, some ninety miles north and south by thirty miles eastward from the Big Horns.

Hardly a foot of this great stretch was patented. In addition to the home ranch dominated by the "Castle," there was a second ranch north on Crazy Woman Creek and a third still farther north on Tongue River. There was a supply depot, store and post office at the stage crossing on Powder River, and an unknown number of line camps. Estimates differ wildly as to the number of cattle carrying the 76 or its affiliated brands during the peak years of 1883 and 1884. They range from Frewen's own estimate of forty-five thousand made many years later, to fifty-nine thousand and even eighty thousand made by others. Nobody really knew, and what mattered a few tens of thousands one way or the other in the euphoric haze of the cattle boom?

The great roundups of 1883 and '84 were like nothing ever seen again. Fifty years afterwards Ad Spaugh, trail driver and cowman, described the Cheyenne River roundup of 1884, of which he was one foreman and Lee Moore the other. Twenty different cow outfits took part with two hundred cowboys and two thousand horses, and the roundup gathered and worked four hundred thousand head of cattle in six weeks. In the Powder River country on May 20, 1883, twenty-seven roundup wagons and four hundred cowboys met at the mouth of Crazy Woman Creek. Fred G. S. Hesse, hard, English-born range foreman of the 76 was also foreman of the roundup, and the 76 alone had six wagons. Ten mounts to a man was the general roundup rule, and the wagons were strung along the river for two miles to allow the different saddle-horse herds room to graze without getting mixed up.

While dawn was still just a hint, the wranglers were bringing in the horses and penning them in a rope corral, and in a minute or two the boys were roping their mounts out of the remuda and saddling up in the half light. While the first pink and gold clouds tinted the sky, impromptu rodeos broke out as half-wild horses took to bucking with their riders.

"Shouts of laughter would be heard," Flagg wrote, "as some tenderfoot would be thrown from his horse, and such exclamations as 'Stay with him!' 'Jump off!' 'Spur him in the eye!' would be yelled at some other poor fellow who would be striving with tooth and nail to stay on his unmanageable steed."

The cowboys all vied with each other in the splendor of their regalia: silver-mounted bridles and spurs, handmade boots with devices of scrolls, butterflies or the Texas star worked into tops of colored leather, gaily colored scarves, and the finest hats that money could buy. By the time the sun appeared the men had been told off in small groups to drive every creek and watershed within half a day's riding and bring in the cattle. By nine o'clock the sun was high, and the day was half over as the drives began coming in from all directions, each under its little cloud of dust. Soon as many as seven thousand cattle would be gathered on the roundup ground.

Every day or two the camp would move to a new location, and the process would be repeated over many weeks until the whole vast area of the roundup district had been worked. The tedious work of sorting out the cattle of different ownership and branding the calves went on during the heat of the day. But by three in the afternoon the work was all over except for the few boys left on herd. "Card playing, horse racing and foot racing were then in order for the rest of the day and half the night," Flagg wrote, and so it went until the cook's call of "come and get it or I'll throw it out" sounded again at three the next morning.

Eighteen-eighty-four was the same picture all over again. Flagg estimated that 181,000 head of cattle were represented on that year's roundup on Powder River, fully two-thirds of them British owned. His total may have been exaggerated, but Frewen states that he branded nine thousand calves that year. This at least is a definite figure since the calves were tallied.

Yet beneath all the glorious horseback pageantry, nearly everything was amiss. A horrid little word, a new word, was being mentioned in company offices—"overstocking." In the midst of the 1884 crescendo, while all the talk was still of 20 per cent dividends, the Prairie Cattle Company's officials were preparing their report which, issued early in 1885, was to admit that suddenly its great ranges appeared to be overstocked. Frewen meanwhile was discovering the same unpleasant fact with regard to his own great Powder River ranges. Moreover, the dividend was off, the low return being attributed by the directors to their manager's oriental expenditures, concerning which he had neglected to advise them.

At the end of 1883 the western cattle growers began to feel, not without reason, that they were being victimized by the Chicago meat-packing combination; and they began a series of efforts to outflank that octopus, the first

thought of several of them being to undertake their own feeding and slaughtering operations. Frewen went overboard in all directions. He established feed lots in Nebraska, and built a slaughterhouse and storage plant at Sherman Hill on the Union Pacific. According to a contemporary newspaper account, *they* thought that on account of the high altitude, cold nights, and rare atmosphere, cattle could be slaughtered on Sherman Hill and shipped to distant markets without the use of ice! Frewen also bought a considerable acreage and constructed feeding sheds at the head of navigation on the Great Lakes between Duluth and Superior, Wisconsin, with the plausible idea of using waste grain from nearby elevators for feed.

One after another these projects failed, the Duluth enterprise being connected with the most ambitious of all—an idea for by-passing the Chicago octopus by shipping live cattle direct to England. The live cattle scheme was heartily backed by the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association. In the summer of 1884, Frewen, escorted by the Earl of Wharncliffe, one of his directors, called on the Privy Council in London to persuade them to lift the quarantine on American cattle which had thus far kept western steers out of Great Britain. They were affably received and Frewen left feeling encouraged.

But did anyone except the eternal optimist and his friends in Cheyenne really suppose that British and Canadian farmers, or their spokesmen in the govern-

The great cattle roundups of the years 1883 and 1884 were like nothing ever seen before or since

ment, would welcome this competition from the United States? A fresh outbreak of contagious pleuropneumonia on the northwestern ranges a few months later, though minor, provided sufficient excuse, and the plan fell through like all the rest.

The very personification of absentee ownership, Frewen never planned to spend more than a few cool fall weeks each year in his new empire when the aspens lit their burning gold against the green-black of the pines, the red-leaved wild plum bushes bore their Christmas-tree fruit, and the wild elematis draped its white froth over trees and brush to skim the shoulders of passing riders where the trail dipped to cross a runlet. And when the hunting was at its best!

Not for him nor his kind was the hot, dusty grind of the roundup in July, nor the long, shut-in, blind-white winter months when the mercury ranged to ten, twenty, thirty below; when a blizzard howled one day but the next day the sun came out, and the snow flew up in a shower of diamonds under a horse's hoofs and the river bottom was rimmed by cake-frosting hills; when the arrival of a red-nosed neighbor bundled up to twice his natural size and kicking off his overshoes in the entry was a major social event. This sort of thing did not appeal to the owning class, British or American; they spent their winters in town or much farther away, hearing from their foremen occasionally how things were going at the ranch.

As early as the end of 1884 Frewen was considering yet another scheme, this one to evade the advancing menace of overstocking. He would remove the 76 herds all the way across Montana and into Alberta. "It might," he said, "have been possible to evacuate our country with thirty or forty thousand in '85, leaving the balance for the following year, and in this way to flee from the horror at hand." There is even some suggestion that he may have taken immense leases between Fort McLeod and Edmonton without consulting his board. At any rate the spring meeting in 1885 found his directors in London in an angry mood. By the time the meeting was over and before the "deflation"—another unpleasant little word—of 1885 was well under way, Frewen was finished. He was the first of the "lords" to come, and the first to go.

The almost peak year of 1884 was Moreton Frewen's last season in Wyoming, although he did not know it at the time. It was marred by the accidental death of his old friend and companion in many a western adventure, Gilbert Leigh.

Soon after his arrival Leigh went on a hunting trip by himself. One evening he left his campfire and walked toward a low fringe of green some yards distant, which he must have mistaken in the dusk—so his friends reasoned—for the line of brush which marks all small watercourses in the West. But the fringe was not brush; it was the tops of pine trees growing at the bottom of a sheer-walled canyon a hundred feet below. His body was found a day or two later. Johnson County still remembers Gilly Leigh, and it still points out to visitors the cliff where he fell to his death.

The Powder River Cattle Company went through successive travails of reorganization: through the deflation of 1885, the depression of 1886, and the disaster of 1887. Frewen made one more trip to the house on Powder River to wind up his affairs. On June 23, 1885, he made a last entry in the visitors' book. Thirty-five years later he wrote: "It was a perfect sunny morning when I left, and with quite a lump in my throat I halted my horses on the ridge, and before passing forever out of sight took a long last look at the good black and white house which the river folk called 'the Castle.' It had proved the centre for a very short-lived social system, and now

Westward by northward loomed sadly my track
And I must ride forward and still I look back,—
Look back—Ah, how vainly!
For while I see plainly
My hands on the reins lie uncertain and slack."

He never came back. He was a man to go forward to fresh enthusiasms and fresh failures, not linger over those which were dead and gone. During the successive reorganizations of his cattle company, Moreton remained the principal stockholder, and even after it folded completely he still had plenty of money with which to support a magnificent load of debt and a scale of living to match. He spent the remainder of his life promoting a succession of rather incongruous causes ranging from free silver to protectionism and keeping up an enormous correspondence with prominent people.

"The good black and white house which the river folk called 'the Castle' " in a few years simply ceased to be. A local historian says that it was demolished in 1912,

which seems to late in view of Frewen's own recollections and the fact that a neighboring ranchman bought the walnut staircase and used it in his home for many years. According to another version it was acquired by a local entrepreneur who cut it up into ash trays and book ends for sale as souvenirs. In any case, whatever remained was dismantled and carried away piece by piece—every useful thing whether movable or not (and what isn't useful on a semi-frontier?)—until nothing was left. Not a fence post, not a half-rotted beam, not a strand of wire—nothing—until the site of Frewen's short-lived adventure was as flat as the palm of his hand.

And the saga came back, as it came back all over the West, onto the sites of forgotten homesteads, crumbling forts and abandoned army posts, plus of course the assistance of new homesteaders who carted away every log, fence post, window frame and door latch. The sage and the bluestem moved back everywhere that the white man in his shifting track of empire had been and gone, obliterating every trace of soldiers and freighters, of lords and ladies, of tired horses and frontier riff-raff and whores. You can visit these places today and find nothing but the hot smell of sage and the whispering of cottonwood leaves, sun and silence, some buried foundation stones, a dimple or two of excavation, and the signs of sheep. If you look hard among the grass stems you may find an old nail and a fragment of sun-purpled glass.

There is something eerie about such totality of obliteration in so short a time, and the rest of the story is even more eerie. Twenty years after Frewen's last long look at his house, around 1905, a friend of his visited the spot. Previously in 1884, during Frewen's final visit to Wyoming, his wife had written from England asking him to bring her back a good buffalo head. This presented problems. The buffalo were all wiped out except for a few forlorn remnants, and it might not be easy to find one still left to kill. He postponed the expedition. ". . . when one morning, I was dressing in my bedroom on the ground-floor, and there within a hundred yards staring stupidly at the house was a big old lone buffalo bull. I ran into the hall, not even half dressed, picked an Express rifle out of the rack and broke the poor brute's shoulder, killing him ten minutes later on the flat a quarter of a mile away."

What had led the miserable animal, one of the last survivors of the millions which once blackened the prairie, into the very dooryard of his enemy and his master? Was there some question haunting the depths of his dim brute brain, some sense of lack? "Where have *they* all gone?" The old bull hadn't a chance of living out his last lonely years in peace, for if Frewen hadn't finished him, some other slaughter-mad denizen of the West would have done the same.

The queer part of the story is that the friend, writing Frewen, reported that the house was "clean gone." There was not a trace to show where it had once stood except that, a short distance away, the decapitated skeleton of the old buffalo bull was bleaching in the sun. And so an old buffalo, one of the last of his race, was all that was left to mark, however briefly, the site of a vanity more transient and less important than his old noble shaggy stupid self.

Frewen with his name-dropping and his grandiose ways had a knack for irritating the natives which was exceptional even in a "lord." Two years after his departure the *Cheyenne Sun* was moved to publish its harsh epitaph. "Of all the English snobs of great pretensions who flew so high and sunk so low, probably the Frewens are the chiefs." The editorial has been quoted so often that it has come to sound like an American verdict of posterity on Frewen, to whom Wyoming was only one episode in an excessively disorganized career.

But the editorial is not a fair judgment. Frewen was a colonialist, and his aims were simple to the point of naïveté. He wanted to snatch all the money he could out of a new country in the shortest possible time and take it home to spend.

[From the forthcoming book, *War on Powder River*, McGraw-Hill Book Company]

The most colorful source on Moreton Frewen is his own book, *Melton Mowbray and other Memories*, published in London in 1924. It is far from complete as to the business end of his Wyoming venture, however. The latter is covered by Herbert O. Brayer in *The Great 76 Ranch on Powder River*, published in the Westerners' Chicago *Brand Book*, December, 1950.

Some very human sidelights are furnished in the diaries of Horace Plunkett which have recently been made available on microfilm. Plunkett, a distinguished Irishman who was later knighted for his services to Irish agriculture, was a fellow rancher on Powder River and became entangled, not too happily, in the affairs of Frewen's Powder River Cattle Company. Finally, the value of local memories is not to be overlooked.

About the Authors

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WESTERN BOOKS

The Wide West

■ PROBING THE AMERICAN WEST: PAPERS FROM THE SANTA FE CONFERENCE. *Edited* by **K. Ross Toole, Robert M. Utley, John Alexander Carroll,** *and* **A. R. Mortensen.** *Introduction by Ray A. Billington* (*Santa Fe, Museum of New Mexico Press, 1962. viii + 216 pp. Notes, index. $5.00*).

■ THE AMERICAN WEST: AN APPRAISAL. *Edited* by **Robert G. Ferris.** *Introduction by Ray A. Billington* (*Santa Fe, Museum of New Mexico Press, 1963. viii + 287 pp. Notes, index. $5.50*).

Probing the American West and *The American West: An Appraisal* are different titles intended to mean precisely the same thing. Together these two volumes contain the bulk of papers read at the first and second conferences on the history of the American West. These two conferences resulted in the formation of the Western History Association, publisher of this magazine. These papers fall into such long-familiar categories as Indian warfare, fur trade, overland migrations, transportation, surveys or explorations, Spanish Borderlands, mining, and the West's patron saints, Frederick Jackson Turner and Herbert Eugene Bolton. It would, however, be misleading to appraise the content of these two books in this shop-worn framework. Even though the printed menu is by and large the same as that offered at a western history conference held at Boulder, Colorado, in 1929 and also at subsequent historical meetings, it may be said that many of the individual items offered on the present bill of fare are exceptionally well cooked and seasoned, western style.

These papers indicate not only recent research in considerable depth (especially the utilization of heretofore unused materials), but they reveal as well probings into some newer aspects of a long-established western history structure. Some contribute to factual content of western history, others offer significant re-evaluations of concepts associated with the history of the West. But what is of particular significance is what Ray A. Billington has so astutely observed in an introduction to the first of these two books, namely that the authors of these papers—and present-day western historians generally—tend to be more interpretive than narrative, more functional than glamorous, increasingly more resourceful, and more disposed than were their predecessors toward pointing up interactions between the American West and other parts of the nation and the world.

Not only will these two volumes stand as lasting and tangible monuments to those who conceived, served as midwives, and nursed along the youthful Western History Association, but the books exist as a brilliant display of integrated teamwork in the historical vineyard. There are on the roster of contributors not only the academically oriented western historians; but also prominently represented are librarians, archivists, park historians, and ethnohistorians. These books amply demonstrate that the West as a field of study and research has never been more fertile or more exciting. The editors and publishers are to be congratulated on the care and attractiveness with which they have prepared these two interesting books for publication.

Oscar Osburn Winther, President,
Western History Association

■ THE FRONTIER EXPERIENCE: READINGS IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST. *Edited* by **Robert**

V. Hine *and* Edwin R. Bingham *(Belmont, California, Wadsworth, 1963. xiv + 418 pp. Illustrations, map, index. $6.95)*.

Selected readings to accompany standard textbooks have been popular for some years in the college classroom; now two West Coast historians offer a set dealing with the frontier movement. A provocative preface is followed by sections of readings on the frontier theory, the explorers, fur traders, Oregon Trail, Santa Fe Trail, Texas, the Mexican War, the Mormons, the mining frontier, the cattleman's frontier, the Indians, transportation, cities and small towns, the dirt farmers, and cultural endeavors.

Anyone selecting writings to include in this kind of a book will be confronted with problems of choice, and this book suffers from that dilemma. Despite the fact that almost all of the West from the Rockies to the Pacific Coast saw something of the mineral frontier, the four selections on mining all concern California. Although the Civil War touched the West, it is not mentioned. In the chapter on transportation the Missouri River is set aside in favor of the Columbia.

This is a generally good set of selections that will appeal to a great many readers. Students who might use the book for auxiliary reading will encounter some omissions in subject coverage and will discover that the selections offer no more than a taste. If sampling whets the appetite for more, then this is a very useful book.

Robert G. Athearn, University of Colorado

■ TALES OF THE FRONTIER: FROM LEWIS AND CLARK TO THE LAST ROUNDUP. *Selected and retold* by **Everett Dick** *(Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1963. 390 pp. Maps, sources. $6.00)*.

■ ARK OF EMPIRE: THE AMERICAN FRONTIER, 1784–1803. By **Dale Van Every**. *Foreword by Henry Steele Commager (New York, William Morrow, 1963. xii + 383 pp. Maps, bibliography, index. $6.00)*.

Fur Trade and Mountain Man

■ THE WEST OF WILLIAM H. ASHLEY: THE INTERNATIONAL STRUGGLE FOR THE FUR TRADE OF THE MISSOURI, THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, AND THE COLUMBIA, WITH EXPLORATIONS BEYOND THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, RECORDED IN THE DIARIES AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM H. ASHLEY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES, 1822–1838. *Edited* by **Dale L. Morgan**. *Designed and printed by Lawton Kennedy (Denver, Fred A. Rosenstock, Old West Publishing Company, 1964. liv + 341 pp. Illustrations, facsimiles, maps, notes, index. $35.00)*.

This magnificent book will be one of the enduring monuments in the history of the fur trade of the American West. The name of William H. Ashley is inseparable from that dramatic time when the fur men ranged into the vast country between the Lewis and Clark trail and the Spanish-Mexican settlements and between the Front Range of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada and mapped it on a beaver skin. Ashley it was who introduced that free soul who came to be known as the mountain man; Ashley it was who introduced that gala affair, the rendezvous; Ashley it was who was able, in the face of opposition by Indians and British traders, to establish the American fur trade of the Rockies on a firm footing. The energies he unleashed helped to mold the history of the West.

Already prominent in Missouri political and business life, Ashley in 1821 formed a partnership with Andrew Henry to develop the Indian trade along the Upper Missouri above the mouth of the Yellowstone. In Book I, "The Bloody Missouri," Morgan develops the turbulent three-year history of this partnership among the hostile Blackfeet and Arikaras. Book II, "Beyond the Continental Divide," traces Ashley's travels in 1824–26 across South Pass, through the canyons of the Green, into the Uinta Mountain country and Cache Valley. During this time he inaugurated the rendezvous and formed a new partnership with Jedediah Smith. In 1826 he sold out to another partnership—Smith, Jackson & Sublette—which he served as agent and banker. In 1831 Ashley returned to political life and died in 1838.

In documenting the rich and complex story of Ashley's life as fur trader and Rocky Mountain entre-

preneur, Dale Morgan has brought together from many places the Ashley papers, together with letters of Indian agents, army officers, members of Congress, rival fur men, Ashley's own men, as well as newspaper accounts and other documents. By way of introduction he has written a biographical sketch of Ashley and an account of the fur trade and exploration in the West before the Ashley period. Narrative passages bridge gaps between the documents. Morgan's text and the documents are enlarged upon and illuminated in a massive appendix of notes (over a hundred pages!).

This is a distinguished book—a work that could be expected from the author of *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West*, *Jedediah Smith and His Maps of the American West* (with Carl I. Wheat), and other significant works. Morgan has lavished twenty years of study on it. He has given us between two covers a scholarly history and a source book of a heroic era in the American West.

The book is published in a format worthy of its importance. Beautifully designed and printed, it is in a stunning large folio (fourteen by nine and a half inches). There are reproductions in black and white of two water colors by Charles Bodmer and thirteen sketches of life among the Indians of the Upper Missouri by George Catlin.

■ GEORGE DROUILLARD: HUNTER AND INTERPRETER FOR LEWIS AND CLARK, AND FUR TRADER, 1807–1810. **By M. O. Skarsten.** *Western Frontiersmen Series, XI (Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark, 1964. 356 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendixes, bibliography, index. $11.00).*

From the various journals of the Lewis and Clark expedition and from obscure documents, letters, and legal records, Dr. Skarsten presents an extended account of Drouillard's varied services to the famous expedition and of his activities as a partner with Manuel Lisa. Drouillard's trial for the murder of Bissonette of the Lisa firm and other court actions add interesting new material. The Missouri Historical Society copy of the map of the Big Horn Basin drawn by William Clark in 1809 and based on information supplied by George Drouillard is reproduced in facsimile. The fine format of the book matches that of the others in this series.

■ PIRATE, PAWNEE AND MOUNTAIN MAN: THE SAGA OF HUGH GLASS. **By John Myers Myers** *(Boston and Toronto, Little, Brown, 1963. 237 pp. Bibliography. $5.50).*

Pacific Northwest

■ FIRST WHITE WOMEN OVER THE ROCKIES: DIARIES, LETTERS, AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE SIX WOMEN OF THE OREGON MISSION WHO MADE THE OVERLAND JOURNEY IN 1836 AND 1838. *Introduction and editorial notes* **by Clifford Merrill Drury.** *Northwest Historical Series, VI and VII (2 vols., Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark, 1963. 280, 382 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. $21.00).*

These volumes represent a peak achievement for a leading historian of the early Protestant missions to the Pacific Northwest. The industrious author already has the biographies of the Whitmans, the Spaldings, and the Walkers to his credit. In this book his heroines are Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, Eliza Hart Spalding, Mary Augusta Dix Gray, Sarah Gilbert Smith, Mary Richardson Walker, and Myra Fairbanks Eels. If the Oregon Mission left any lasting impressions on the Indians of the Northwest, the credit belongs to the women as much as to the men they accompanied to the unknown country.

Save for Sarah Smith, who left no known diary, the two volumes contain original diary accounts written by the other five women. Searing hardships and thrilling adventures characterized the lives of all six. Allowed to tell their own stories, they come through with all the endearing piques to which the fair sex is heir. The courtship of Mary Walker—all forty-eight hours of it—is a good example. Besides the diary accounts, the two volumes contain thumbnail sketches of the six women and a list of persons and places mentioned in the text, along with editorial comment and annotation.

Bruce Le Roy, Washington State Historical Society

■ A JOURNEY TO ALASKA IN THE YEAR 1868: BEING A DIARY OF THE LATE EMIL TEICHMANN. *Edited with an Introduction* by his son Oskar. *Foreword by Ernest Gruening. Limited edition of 750 copies (New York, Argosy-Antiquarian, 1963. 272 pp. Illustrations, map. $15.00).*

J. M. Oppenheim & Company of London had a contract with the Russian American Company to buy the entire yearly catch of Alaskan fur seals. In 1867 when the United States purchased Alaska, the contract expired. Teichmann was sent on his *Journey to Alaska* to safeguard the interests of the firm. A sharp observer and a good writer, his full and vivid account of life in the old Russian capital of Sitka is one of the few eyewitness accounts during the first year of American rule. This is a facsimile edition of the very scarce original edition published in 1925.

■ MISSION OF CHANGE IN ALASKA: ESKIMOS AND MORAVIANS ON THE KUSKOKWIM. By Wendell H. Oswalt *(San Marino, California, Huntington Library, 1963. x + 170 pp. Maps, index. $6.00).*

Anthropologist Oswalt describes how Eskimo life under the influence of the Moravian church workers from 1884 to 1925 moved in new directions.

■ WEST ON THE 49TH PARALLEL: RED RIVER TO THE ROCKIES, 1872–1876. By John E. Parsons *(New York, William Morrow, 1963. xiv + 208 pp. Illustrations, maps, note on sources, appendix, index. $6.00).*

After research in the public archives of the United States, Canada, and England, and using recently discovered diaries and letters written on the line, this book tells how the international boundary was fixed on the ground by British, Canadian, and American engineers.

■ SAMUEL HEARNE AND THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE. By Gordon Speck *(Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton Printers, 1963. xxii + 337 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendixes, index. $6.00).*

California

■ CALIFORNIA: THE NEW SOCIETY. By Remi Nadeau *(New York, David McKay, 1963. 303 pp. Map, notes, index. $5.50).*

This book, instead of being a history, consists of highly personalized, astute observations on present sociological questions. It inquires "into the way Californians think and act" and the extent to which their society has become new under the sun. Unlike most of the Californians of whom he writes, the author, Remi Nadeau, comes from a family which has lived in California some five generations, and he himself has written of the state's problems in such books as *The Water Seekers* and *The City Makers* (concerning Los Angeles).

In his analysis Nadeau finds California's frame of mind to be different from other parts of the globe. Californians believe in a "fun morality" in which the parting phrase, "Don't work too hard," takes on sociological meaning. The state's inhabitants, Nadeau says, are "beating the *piñata* of life until the last goody falls out." They accept, even love "respectable nonconformity" and have so developed their individualities that they have stifled any sense of community. Their open mind and society have caused faddists and crackpots to flourish.

Nadeau analyzes separately San Franciscans, Los Angelenos, the agricultural aristocracy, and the rimlanders (stretching in a narrow band upward from Santa Barbara across the northern part of the state and extending down the Sierra Nevada). In separate chapters he then looks at the child, the youth, the man, the woman, and the aged, before his concluding section on the "unassociated society." After reading these chapters, one becomes less and less convinced of the statewide generalizations which open the study. While southern California has been engaged in a frantic effort to encourage and then to cope with growth, the rimland has been devoted to an equally consuming desire to remain unchanged. The Californian sense of community is gone; yet large numbers of Californians are flock-

ing to communities for the aged. The desire to cram fun into every present moment is counterbalanced by an obsession with a romanticized past. Mr. Nadeau wisely admits that "few statements about California are completely true, or are even approximately true for very long."

When Nadeau finds in the Californian cult of the child a "curious absence of right and wrong," it is hard to believe we are dealing with merely California. And Nadeau says very early in the book: "What America is becoming, California is already." Are Californians thus so distinctive? If so, which among the varied groups identified by Nadeau is the most distinctive?

The generalizations thus cause concern (perhaps no one should even attempt such generalizations about a multitude in flux), but the book is nevertheless a vivid patchwork of insight and anecdote—the smug San Franciscan, the sport-shirted Angeleno, the monthly suicide off Golden Gate Bridge, the dreamer, the sun-worshiper. Sometimes the picture is drawn in the broad strokes of a cartoon and, like the cartoon, it does not try to include all the details. (California's major research libraries, for example, go almost untouched.) Yet for all of its defects, the book should be widely read. If all of America is to become what California now is, we had best immediately assess the state, as Nadeau has done, and act accordingly.

Robert V. Hine, University of California, Riverside

■ CALIFORNIA: A HISTORY. **By Andrew F. Rolle** *(New York, Thomas Y. Crowell, 1963. xxi + 649 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendix, index. $6.75).*

Professor Rolle's admirable text is based in part upon *A Short History of California* by Rockwell D. Hunt and Nellie Van de Grift Sánchez, a volume that was particularly strong in its coverage of the Spanish heritage. Rolle has built on the Hunt-Sánchez foundation, but it has been entirely rewritten and brought up to date. Much new material has been added on subjects such as the California Indians, and there is an ample discussion of the extraordinary changes since World War II: the population explosion, the consequent industrial and educational expansion, and political life. The volume gives special attention to California's unique cultural history. In fact, the author has sought to interpret every phase of California's long history for students and the general reader without an overburden of extraneous detail. An annotated list of selected readings follows each chapter.

■ A KEMBLE READER: STORIES OF CALIFORNIA, 1846–1848, BY EDWARD CLEVELAND KEMBLE, EARLY CALIFORNIA JOURNALIST. *Edited* **By Fred Blackburn Rogers.** *Limited edition of 1000 copies (San Francisco, California Historical Society, 1963. xiii + 168 pp. Illustrations, map, appendixes, bibliography, index. $10.00).*

Soon after his arrival in 1846, Kemble became a prominent journalist in gold-rush California. His name is identified with the *Californian*, the *California Star*, the *Alta California*, and the Sacramento *Placer Times*. He later worked on other papers, including the *Sacramento Union* where he wrote his valuable *A History of California Newspapers, 1846–1858*. This book is a selection of newspaper articles written mostly after the events Kemble describes, but in large part from his own experience.

■ EARTHQUAKE COUNTRY. **By Robert Iacopi.** *Foreword by Charles F. Richter (Menlo Park, California, Lane Book, 1964. 191 pp. Illustrations, index. $5.95).*

This timely book, published, as it happened, just a few days after the Alaskan earthquake last April, tells how, why, and where earthquakes occur in California. Iacopi explains the nature of earthquakes, indicates what areas are most likely to have them, and what to do when one strikes. There are over two hundred photographs, diagrams, maps, and charts. In his foreword, Dr. Richter, originator of the Richter Earthquake Scale, states that "Mr. Iacopi has written a factually sober—and sobering—book. Those looking for exciting and sensational material will be disappointed. The serious-minded citizen will accept this publication as a public service."

■ MAN-MADE DISASTER: THE STORY OF ST. FRANCIS DAM, ITS PLACE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S WATER SYSTEM, ITS FAILURE AND THE TRAGEDY OF MARCH 12 AND 13, 1928,

IN THE SANTA CLARA RIVER VALLEY. **By Charles F. Outland.** *Western Lands and Waters Series, III (Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark, 1963. 249 pp. Illustrations, appendixes, bibliography, index. $9.50).*

■ EL TRIUNFO DE LA CRUZ: THE FIRST SHIP BUILT IN THE CALIFORNIAS. **By Theodore H. Hittell** *(San Francisco, California Historical Society, 1963. 15 pp. $2.95).*

■ THE CRUISE OF THE PORTSMOUTH, 1845–1847: A SAILOR'S VIEW OF THE NAVAL CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA. **By Joseph T. Downey.** *Edited by Howard Lamar. Yale Western Americana, No. 10 (New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1963. xxi + 246 pp. Illustrations, maps, index. $1.75 Paper).*

The Artists

■ ANSEL ADAMS, Vol. I: THE ELOQUENT LIGHT. **By Nancy Newhall.** *Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series, 7 (San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1963. 175 pp. $20.00).*

The Eloquent Light is the first of two volumes devoted to the growth of Ansel Adams as an artist and correlatively of the art of photography itself. Doubtless the second volume, due to appear this year, will round out and expand the picture, but the present volume is sufficient to stand alone, especially for its wealth of illustrations of Ansel Adams' superb art. It deals with a sensitive boy with a genius for music, who grew to transfer the underlying principles of tone and rhythm in sound to their application in visual concepts. With the camera replacing the pianoforte, he acquired a technique of precision that enabled him to produce portrayals of scenes and persons and objects that for beauty and perfection have hardly been surpassed.

Much has been said in praise of Ansel Adams' technique as a photographer which is so splendidly illustrated in *The Eloquent Light*. Here it is sufficient to consider but one aspect: Adams' rendition of the West in photographs of great beauty and perception, superbly reproduced by the Sierra Club and adroitly enhanced by Mrs. Newhall's commentary. Many of the illustrations are of Yosemite, but there are other western scenes such as "Thunderstorm, Northern New Mexico"; "Ghost Town—Bodie"; "Mount Resplendent, Canada"; and perhaps greatest of all, "Rain Dance, San Ildefonso." Portraits of people show more than mere surface representation; they are eloquent of character. The title *Eloquent Light* is well chosen.

Not only the photographs but the text confirms the opinion of many that Ansel Adams, while still in the very midst of his career, has already taken his place as one of the greatest of western artists whose work ranks with that of Jackson, Watkins, and O'Sullivan among photographers, and is comparable to that of Bierstadt and Moran among painters.

Francis P. Farquhar, Berkeley

■ RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLEY RUSSELL. **By Frank Bird Linderman.** *Edited by H. G. Merriman, with drawings by Charley Russell (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. 148 pp. Illustrations, index. $6.95).*

This skillfully edited and delightful small book utilizes material which has been available to no other Russell biographer. Frank Linderman and Russell were close friends and kindred spirits, and Linderman obviously recognized early in their association that Russell was not only an enormously talented artist but also a very uncommon man. The recollections are random, full of nostalgia, and they are often as revealing of Linderman's sensitivity as they are of Russell's character.

There are three short essays by Wilda, Verne, and Norma, Linderman's three daughters. The piece by Verne in particular is revealing. Russell failed to complete on schedule the illustrations for Linderman's *Indian Old-Man Stories* because Nancy Russell had him hard at work on a painting for the Prince of Wales. The delay was "disastrous" for Linderman, but the friendship survived the crisis.

K. Ross Toole, Luther, Montana

■ FREDERIC REMINGTON'S OWN OUTDOORS. *Written and illustrated* **by Frederic Remington.** *Edited*

by Douglas Allen. Introduction by Harold McCracken (New York, Dial Press, 1964. 190 pp. $7.50).

An excellent athlete and ardent sportsman, Remington was often called upon to illustrate and write articles on sports. This book is a sampling of that work, which ranges from bull fighting in Mexico to bear-chasing in the Rockies. Most of the articles originally appeared in *Outing*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* from 1887 to 1900.

Man and Nature

■ THE QUIET CRISIS. **By Stewart L. Udall.** *Introduction by John F. Kennedy (New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1963. 209 pp. Illustrations, index. $5.00).*

The conservation battle is being waged without riots, guerrilla warfare, bombings and demonstrations. Therefore, perhaps it can be called a quiet crisis. Nevertheless, the preservation and wise use of the world's natural resources is undoubtedly one of the greatest problems of modern times; all else becomes secondary. We are polluting our air and water, misusing our best lands, cluttering the scenery, and exhausting our fundamental wealth at an alarming rate. In fact, we seem well on the way to making the world unlivable except to insects and bacteria.

However, it is encouraging that we now have a Secretary of the Interior who is fully aware of the necessity for all-inclusive planning if we are to survive as a nation. Best of all is that Mr. Udall has written a compact, easy-to-read book on this vital subject. It should be known to everyone who is disturbed about haphazard development and increasingly crowded conditions, with their threat to future living standards.

The Quiet Crisis is primarily a history of American conservation, presenting twelve chapters outlining the highlights of land use from pre-Columbian Indians to the present day. This includes the story of the mounting concern over the exploitation of our natural resources and the growth of policies to protect them. Among the protagonists have been such diverse characters as Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Boone, Jedediah Smith and the mountain men, Thoreau and the naturalists, George Perkins Marsh, Pinchot and the Foresters, Carl Schurz, John Wesley Powell, John Muir, Frederick Law Olmsted, George Bird Grinnell, Aldo Leopold, and the two Roosevelts. Particularly significant is the story of the origin and development of the national parks and national forests, and the growing awareness that scenic environment is important to human well-being.

The two final chapters, "Conservation and the Future" and "Notes on a Land Ethic for Tomorrow," sum up the alarming situation today, accelerated as it is by rapid technological progress. Here are guidelines to sound conservation thinking rather than specific solutions. The archdisease, the so-called population explosion, is alluded to, but not its obvious cure—birth control. Yet without some comprehensive limitation on the rate of human expansion, not one of Secretary Udall's brave hopes for the future can be realized.

All in all, *The Quiet Crisis* is an informative, stimulating, and provocative book.

Weldon F. Heald, Tucson

■ TOMORROW'S WILDERNESS. *Edited* **by François Leydet.** *Foreword by Howard Zahniser (San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1964. 262 pp. Illustrations, biographical notes. $5.75).*

Twenty-seven thinkers about the nation's natural heritage in this book assess in detail the prospects for a unique public resource located largely in the American West.

■ HOOF PRINTS ON FOREST RANGES: THE EARLY YEARS OF NATIONAL FOREST RANGE ADMINISTRATION. **By Paul H. Roberts** *(San Antonio, Naylor Company, 1963. xv + 151 pp. Illustrations, notes. $6.00).*

Political Life

■ THE TOLERANT POPULISTS: KANSAS POP-

ULISM AND NATIVISM. **By Walter T. K. Nugent** *(Chicago and London, University of Chicago Press, 1963. x + 256 pp. Bibliographical note, index. $6.00).*

■ GEORGE W. NORRIS: THE MAKING OF A PROGRESSIVE, 1861–1912. **By Richard Lowitt** *(Syracuse, New York, Syracuse University Press, 1963. xiv + 341 pp. Illustrations, notes, index. $7.95).*

■ LYNDON B. JOHNSON: A BIOGRAPHY. **By Harry Provence** *(New York, Fleet Publishing Corporation, 1964. 192 pp. Appendix, index. $4.50).*

■ POLITICS ON THE SOUTHWESTERN FRONTIER: ARKANSAS TERRITORY, 1819–1836. **By Lonnie J. White** *(Memphis, Tennessee, Memphis State University Press, 1964. xiii + 219 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. $6.50).*

■ PRAIRIE REBEL: THE PUBLIC LIFE OF WILLIAM LEMKE. **By Edward C. Blackorby** *(Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1963. ix + 339 pp. Illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. $6.50).*

■ NEVADA'S KEY PITTMAN. **By Fred L. Israel** *(Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1963. xii + 210 pp. Illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. $5.00).*

Perhaps the most notable development in the recent historiography of the Middle West has been the change in the historian's image of midwestern Populism. While most scholarly works published during the 1930's and 1940's lauded the Populist movement as an expression of the democratic liberalism of the frontier and as a creative forerunner of twentieth-century reform movements, several revisionist works published during the 1950's drew a new portrait, harsh and unflattering, of the Populist as fanatic, bigot, anti-Semite, xenophobe, jingoist, and nascent totalitarian. Losing his status as the prophet of Progressivism and the New Deal, the Populist acquired a new and unenviable role as a precursor of McCarthyism. Within the last two years, however, several scholars have challenged the validity of this new interpretation. Perhaps the most provocative revision of the revisionists is Norman Pollack's *The Populist Response to Industrial America* (Harvard University Press, 1962). Pollack's monograph, based upon extensive research in midwestern newspaper and manuscript collections, rejects the prevalent assumption that the Populist movement was a retrogressive expression of agrarian nostalgia and reaction which failed to come to grips with the realities of the Industrial Revolution.

Nugents's *The Tolerant Populists* examines, within the framework of a broad and highly competent history of Populism in Kansas, the charge that the Populist movement was an expression of nativism and anti-Semitism. After a careful statistical analysis of the voting behavior and political participation of immigrant and non-Protestant groups, Nugent concludes that the Kansas Populists "were friendlier and more responsive to foreign persons and foreign institutions than the average of their political opponents." Upon investigation, he finds the assumption that Populist support for the Spanish-American War was an expression of a belligerent, jingoistic xenophobia without foundation. On the contrary, he asserts that Populist leaders in Kansas consistently opposed the imperialism of the late 1880's.

Lowitt's *George W. Norris* is the first volume in a projected two-volume biography of the Nebraska statesman. Though Lowitt avoids generalizations concerning the nature of Progressivism, he regards Norris as a spokesman for agrarian, small-town America. His approach to politics, Lowitt finds, was that of a political pragmatist. Norris, he writes, was always concerned with practical problems, but was "not given to philosophizing about political theory or the role of government."

Lyndon B. Johnson by Harry Provence, editor of the Waco, Texas, *News-Tribune*, is a friendly biography of the third president of the United States to come from the trans-Mississippi West.

Professor White in his *Arkansas Territory* has written a vivid and well-documented study that casts much light on the turbulent factionalism, personal feuds, and family cliques which characterized the territory's political life. His careful investigation of the impact of Jacksonian Democracy and the sectional conflict upon the young territory will be of considerable interest to all students of the period.

Edward Blackorby's *Prairie Rebel* is a sympathetic, well-documented but not uncritical biography of the controversial North Dakota agrarian radical and isola-

tionist. It is an excellent study of the dissension that racked the North Dakota Non-Partisan League, and the author deals sympathetically with the roots of persistent midwestern agrarian protest. He regards Lemke as a genuine reformer whose credulous acceptance of agrarian "devil theories," intense provincialism, and personal frustration with the New Deal led to his ill-fated acceptance of the presidential nomination of the quasi-Fascist, anti-Roosevelt Union Party in 1936. Though Lemke's intellectual and personal limitations rendered him unfit for national leadership, his career, according to this biographer, was creative and useful.

Fred Israel's biography of the Nevada politician, *Key Pittman*, a United States senator from 1913 to 1940, has as its thesis the premise that Pittman served not the national interest but "Nevada first, last and all the time." Israel's account of Pittman's endless efforts to "do something for silver" is well-documented and extremely unsympathetic, as is his treatment of Pittman's tenure as chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee during the first two terms of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Though his scholarship is impressive, some readers may feel that Israel is unduly prejudiced against his subject. In avoiding the extreme of uncritical identification which has marred many otherwise excellent biographies, he may have fallen into the opposite extreme of relentless castigation.

Alfred A. Cave, University of Utah

The Indians and the Wars

■ BOOK OF THE HOPI. **By Frank Waters.** *Drawings and source material recorded by Oswald White Bear Fredericks (New York, Viking Press, 1963. xvii + 347 pp. Illustrations, glossary. $10.00).*

This remarkable book reveals the Hopi world view of life, deeply religious in nature, the meaning of which the Hopis have kept secret. Some thirty elders of the tribe decided the time had come to break silence and to have recorded for their own future generations the principles of their "Road to Life." For nearly three years, Frank Waters and Oswald White Bear Fredericks tape recorded the Hopi spokesmen. White Bear, a full-blood Hopi, a graduate of Haskell Institute, translated the conversations and gathered other material. Frank Waters, author of *The Colorado*, *Masked Gods*, *The Man Who Killed the Deer*, and other works, wrote the text.

The first two parts tell of the myths and legends: the creation of the four worlds, the emergence and the migrations over the face of the continent until the Hopis arrived in their predestined homeland, the center of which is Oraibi, the oldest continuously occupied settlement in the United States. Part Three is concerned with the complex ceremonies and their relation to the myths and legends. Part Four is a valuable historical summary of the Hopis since the mid-sixteenth century when the first white men arrived. The book is illustrated with photographs and with numbers of drawings in black and white and color by White Bear.

■ THE SOUTHERN CHEYENNES. **By Donald J. Berthrong.** *Civilization of the American Indian Series (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xvi + 446 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $5.95).*

After intensive research in original sources, many never before used by scholars of Cheyenne ethnohistory, Dr. Berthrong has given students of Great Plains history an outstanding history of this notable tribe. The first chapters are a basic introduction to Cheyenne ethnohistory. Subsequent chapters describe the arrival of the Southern Cheyennes in the Arkansas River country, and relations of the Cheyennes with traders, settlers, the government (both civil and military), and with their neighbor tribes. Many small incidents formerly reported only in careless or popularized fashion are explained thoroughly. The major campaigns against the Cheyennes are presented in a more objective and scholarly fashion than in any previous work. The book ends with the close of the Southern Plains campaigns and the beginnings of the reservation system.

The Southern Cheyennes appears destined to become a classic work for the period of conflict when the Plains tribes were subjugated. Books of similar quality for the other Plains tribes are clearly needed. Only through study of this period and of the subsequent generations

of reservation life and acculturation can we become truly well informed on the background of many of our still unsolved "Indian problems."

Robert A. Murray, Ft. Laramie, Wyoming

■ THE MILITARY CONQUEST OF THE SOUTHERN PLAINS. **By William H. Leckie** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xii + 269 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $5.95).*

Cowboy and Indian buffs, looking for blood and thunder, may be disappointed in Mr. Leckie's excellent synthesis of the 1865–75 struggle to confine the Southern Plains Indians to their reservations in western Oklahoma. This is sound history. Methodically tackling the welter of confused and conflicting data existing on numerous isolated instances of army-Indian conflict in the Southern Plains, the author has come up with a book providing a much needed overview of the subject, well written and thoroughly researched.

Before launching the reader into the 1865–75 campaigns, Leckie furnishes a good geographic and ethnohistorical background of the peoples and areas involved. As a matter of interpretation of the underlying causes of these particular Indian campaigns, this reviewer would stress that white occupation of Indian-accepted reserves (after Medicine Lodge, 1867) was not the basic cause of conflict; rather it was civil and military efforts to confine the raiding Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes to their assigned reservations to keep them away from the Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas settlements.

Government vacillation between ruthless chastisement of wayward Indians and myopic, benign permissiveness is thoroughly presented, as are the 1867–69 Cheyenne outbreak and the Kiowa troubles. The ins and outs of the confused history of Quaker-army-Kiowa difficulties are especially well developed. Deftly explaining the failure of the federal peace policy, the final 1874 eruption is recounted to its end in 1875. Good, short accounts of many engagements are included, such as the Beecher Island Fight, the Anadarko affair, Palo Duro Canyon, Sand Creek, and the Washita.

This is an excellent broadscope book—mainstream history recommended to those interested in the military and Indian frontier from 1865 to the 1890's.

Don Rickey, Jr., National Park Service, Omaha

■ THE GALVANIZED YANKEES. **By Alexander Brown** *(Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1963. 243 pp. Illustrations, map, notes, bibliography, index. $5.50).*

The Galvanized Yankees were Confederate prisoners of war who volunteered to don the Union blue and go west to fight Indians. Some 6,000 of them were organized into six U. S. volunteer regiments late in 1864 and early in 1865 and distributed along the overland trails up the Platte and the Arkansas. From Red River to the Missouri they fought in the most ferocious wars waged by the Plains Indians, and when the last were mustered out late in 1866, they could point with pride to a highly credible record. D. Alexander Brown tells their story for the first time in this competent, well-researched, and readable volume.

■ WAR EAGLE: A LIFE OF GENERAL EUGENE A. CARR. **By James T. King** *(Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 323 pp. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. $6.00).*

War Eagle was one of the Indian-fighting army's brightest ornaments. His career spanned nearly the entire period of Indian hostility in the trans-Mississippi West, and his record of achievement equaled or surpassed those of other officers better known today. Carr played leading roles in the campaigns against the Plains Indians in the decade after the Civil War, in the Apache hostilities of the 1880's, and in the Ghost Dance uprising of the Sioux in 1890–91. His signal triumph, one of the most complete victories the army attained over the red man, occurred at the Battle of Summit Springs, Colorado, in 1868. James King's authoritative and well-written biography assesses Carr's career and provides a fine commentary on some of the most important Indian conflicts of the Plains and mountain West.

■ THE BATTLE OF PLATTE BRIDGE. **By J. W. Vaughn** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. x + 132 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $3.95).*

The author of *With Crook at the Rosebud* and *The Reynolds Campaign on Powder River* carefully recon-

structs the 1865 clash of Kansas and Ohio Volunteers with Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho warriors.

■ CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK. **By Captain Charles King.** *Introduction by Don Russell. Western Frontier Library (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. xxv + 166 pp. Illustrations, map. $2.00).*

This reprint makes readily available once more the classic, engagingly written account of General Crook's Sioux campaign of 1876. One of Crook's officers, Charles King had to retire on disability and later became a highly successful novelist of the frontier army. In this book he proved that he could write fine history as well as fiction. Don Russell's informative and sprightly introduction sets the stage for the narrative and also discloses some of his vast knowledge about the author and his literary attainments.

■ GLORY-HUNTER: A LIFE OF GENERAL CUSTER. **By Frederic F. Van de Water.** *Limited edition of 750 copies (New York, Argosy-Antiquarian, 1963. 394 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $12.50).*

Collectors of Custeriana will welcome the return to print of the first adequate biography of Yellow Hair first published in 1934. Van de Water shunned hero-worship and tried to get to the heart of the man. Some of the questions he raised have since been answered, but his book helps to explain why the tragedy and mystery of the Battle of the Little Big Horn continue to hold the minds of men.

■ THE TRUTH ABOUT GERONIMO. **By Britton Davis.** *Edited by M. M. Quaife. Foreword by Robert M. Utley. Yale Western Americana, No. 7 (New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1963. xxix + 253 pp. Illustrations, maps, index. $1.95 Paper).*

Britton Davis as a young officer served under General George Crook as a commander with the Indian scouts in the controversial campaign against Geronimo (1885–6). His first-hand and suspenseful account, first published in 1929, is an accurate telling of the campaign and the personalities involved, and he is one of the few contemporaries to portray the Indians as human beings. Robert Utley's scholarly foreword written for this edition illuminates the background of the book.

■ THE SKY CLEARS: POETRY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS. **By A. Grove Day.** *Bison Books (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. xiii + 204 pp. Bibliography, index. $1.25 Paper).*

■ SUN CHIEF: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HOPI INDIAN. **Edited by Leo W. Simmons.** *Foreword by Robert V. Hine. Yale Western Americana, No. 8 (New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1963. xx + 460 pp. Illustrations, appendix, index. $2.95 Paper).*

Sophistication in the American Indian is clearly documented in these two titles: Following a valuable chapter on the nature of North American Indian poetry, Grove Day in *The Sky Clears* presents selections with commentary from the literature of the native Americans ranging from the Eskimos to the Mayas and Aztecs. This fine anthology, reprinted from the 1951 edition, will shock those who think of the Indians as passive and stoical.

The autobiography of the Hopi Sun Chief, Don Talayesva of Oraibi, first published in 1942, and now reprinted for the fifth time with a new introduction, is a frank, intimate, clear human document, where a man tells how he thinks, feels, and behaves through the first fifty years of his life (1890–1940). It will surely stand as one of the best Indian autobiographies.

The Wild West

■ WHY THE WEST WAS WILD: A CONTEMPORARY LOOK AT THE ANTICS OF SOME HIGHLY PUBLICIZED KANSAS COWTOWN PERSONALITIES. **By Nyle H. Miller** *and* **Joseph W. Snell** *(Topeka, Kansas State Historical Society, 1963. viii + 685 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendix, index. $7.95).*

■ THE DALTON GANG: END OF AN OUTLAW ERA. **By Harold Preece** *(New York, Hastings House, 1963. 320 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. $5.95).*

The imprint of the Kansas State Historical Society guarantees a sound book, and the subject—fifty-seven famous lawmen and other notables of the Kansas cow towns—guarantees a lively one. The authors, both of whom are historical dignitaries of some weight (Nyle H. Miller is executive secretary of the Kansas Historical Society, and Joseph W. Snell is curator of manuscripts) have not let academic trimmings interfere with the robust sense of humor and drama which is a must for dealing with the rowdy West. Moreover, they have picked a striking formula: Their material is all drawn from contemporary police and city hall records and other documents, but above all from newspapers.

Here are all the familiar names—Jack Bridges, Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Doc Holliday, Bat Masterson, Mysterious Dave Mather, Bear River Tom Smith, Bill Tilghman, and many others. Devotees of Bat Masterson and Bill Hickok will be more than satisfied by the quantity of fresh, local and colorful items about their heroes, especially Bat, who has more than one hundred thirty pages dedicated to him. On the other hand the section on Wyatt Earp is curiously sparse—less than twenty pages. An idea of the way the celebrated James B. Hickok was regarded by some of his contemporaries may be gleaned from the following in the *Kansas Daily Commonwalth*, May 11, 1873:

> It is disgusting to see the eastern papers crowding in everything they can get hold of about "Wild Bill." . . . "Wild Bill," or Bill Hickok, is nothing more than a drunken, reckless, murderous coward, who is treated with contempt by true border men, and who should have been hung years ago for the murder of innocent men.

Earp, on the other hand, was evidently never much of a headline-snatcher until the OK Corral fight, which was not planned for headline purposes; and some day Earp scholars ought to have a good time probing the reasons.

There remains the question raised by the title, *Why the West Was Wild*. Why, indeed, except that wild men lived there? But why were they wild men? We still have to look to future social historians for the answer. The book offers lavish illustrations, and a list of all the federal, county, and city officials (marshals, sheriffs, and constables) who served during the period.

Hastings House, a knowledgeable publisher of western Americana claims that Harold Preece has written the "definitive" book on *The Dalton Gang*. He has certainly had access to material, including the Pinkerton files on the Dalton boys and numerous files kept by individuals and organizations which range from great-granddaughters to historical societies to railroads. Sound scholarship shows at every key point, including chapter footnotes; but with all of this, Mr. Preece has written his story of the Daltons with the verve and smoothness of a good novel. A number of western history addicts who may have found themselves up to now slightly bored with outlaws will like to read this story for its insights into character and customs, its fast narrative pace, and plain good writing.

Helena Huntington Smith, Alexandria, Virginia

■ THEY CALLED HIM WILD BILL: THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES BUTLER HICKOK. **By Joseph G. Rosa** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 278 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. $5.95).*

In this carefully researched book, Joseph G. Rosa, of Ruislip, Middlesex, England, has uncovered the man beneath the legend. For example, popular belief numbers his killings at over a hundred. Rosa has reduced them to twelve—"five definite and seven probable." From the contemporary press, court documents, and other fundamental sources, he has given us an honest biography.

■ OUTLAWS ON HORSEBACK: THE HISTORY OF THE ORGANIZED BANDS OF BANK AND TRAIN ROBBERS WHO TERRORIZED THE PRAIRIE TOWNS OF MISSOURI, KANSAS, INDIAN TERRITORY, AND OKLAHOMA FOR HALF A CENTURY. **By Harry Sinclair Drago** *(New York, Dodd, Mead, 1964. xxiii + 320 pp. Illustrations, map, notes, bibliography, index. $5.00).*

A factual, documented, unglamorized account of prairie banditry from the days of the Kansas-Missouri

border wars to the killing of Henry Starr, the last of the horsebackers, in 1921.

■ THE BANDITTI OF THE PRAIRIES OR, THE MURDERER'S DOOM!! A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. **By Edward Bonney.** *Introduction by Philip Jordan. Western Frontier Library (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xxv + 262 pp. Illustrations. $2.00).*

Edward Bonney was a self-appointed agent of justice on the lawless frontier of Illinois and Iowa in the 1840's. He wrote this straight-forward and readable volume, first published in 1850 and issued in many editions since, to demonstrate that he had committed no illegal act himself.

■ THE MADAMS OF SAN FRANCISCO: AN IRREVERENT HISTORY OF THE CITY BY THE GOLDEN GATE. **By Curt Gentry** *(Garden City, New York, Doubleday, 1964. 323 pp. Bibliography. $4.95).*

A Western Gathering

■ GREAT DAY IN THE WEST: FORTS, POSTS, AND RENDEZVOUS BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI. **By Kent Ruth** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xv + 308 pp. Illustrations, index. $12.50).*

■ OLD FORTS OF THE NORTHWEST. **By Herbert M. Hart.** *Illustrations by Paul J. Hartle (Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1963. 192 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. $12.50).*

So often an area of history remains virtually untouched for years, and then almost simultaneously several books appear dealing with the same subject. A case in point is the publication in 1963 of these two books, both of which discuss historic military sites.

Kent Ruth addresses himself to the whole trans-Mississippi West and gives the reader information not only about forts but also 147 historically significant sites in western history. Herbert M. Hart deals with more than seventy forts which were built in the region to the west of Fort Snelling and to the north of the fortieth parallel—the first installment of a larger work which is envisioned to encompass forts of the entire West.

Both volumes include many excellent illustrations: Those in the Hart book are primarily "then-and-now" photographs; the illustrations in *Great Day in the West* are more artistically presented, with the contrast of the past and the present being achieved through the use of photographs, as well as reproductions of paintings, etchings, and other media.

Although the texts of both of these volumes are enlightening, their approach is somewhat different. *Old Forts of the Northwest* is a detailed guidebook, while Kent Ruth deals less with specifics but admirably recreates the historical background of the sites.

Gloria Griffen Cline, Sacramento State College

■ THE WESTERN JOURNALS OF DR. GEORGE HUNTER, 1796–1805. *Edited* **by John Francis McDermott** *(Philadelphia, American Philosophical Society, 1963. 133 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendix, bibliography, index. $3.00 Paper).*

Dr. George Hunter, Philadelphia pharmacist, was appointed by President Jefferson in 1804 to join Natchez planter William Dunbar in an exploration of the Red River of Louisiana. Difficulty with officials at the Spanish border caused the expedition to be diverted to the Ouachita. Hunter's diary of this trip, together with those of earlier travels, are published here for the first time. A scholarly introduction is followed by elaborate and informative notes.

■ MANSFIELD ON THE CONDITION OF THE WESTERN FORTS, 1853–54. *Edited with an Introduction* **by Robert W. Frazer.** *American Exploration and Travel Series (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xxxi + 254 pp. Illustrations, map, bibliography, index. $4.95).*

the twilight of life his thoughts turned to Texas and the wild days of his youth. He re-entered the employ of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, remaining based in Oklahoma. He paid a return visit to boyhood scenes around Jacksboro, where inquiries after friends and acquaintances of other days were disappointingly fruitless. If he felt any sentiment for setting things right, he must have known a feeling of satisfaction when he won forgiveness from the governor of Texas for the sins of Joe Horner.

Despite the purging of the past, the purification of his real name, and the strong urging of friends, General Canton was not disposed to assume his original identity. The greater part of his adult life and the weight of accomplishment and reputation rested with Frank Canton, not Joe Horner. As General Frank M. Canton he lived out his later years quietly with his family at Edmond, Oklahoma. Ruby survived her father by only a year. Mrs. Canton outlived her husband by twenty-one years.

There is such a character of atonement associated with death that the obituary writer sometimes tends to weave glowing patterns, carefully skirting the negative in giving the departed a send-off. This may explain why Canton, with his passing in 1927, was suddenly presented as the model for Owen Wister's *The Virginian* and Rex Beach's central figure in *The Spoilers*. The very fact that Canton had known both authors lent credence to the suggestion, and it has been perpetuated by uncritical writers who appear to have made no effort to assess the facts.

Owen Wister in his journals clearly states that the Virginian was a product of his imagination; Canton's name is not even mentioned among several frontier acquaintances cited by Wister as the incarnation of his imaginary character.

As for *The Spoilers*, perhaps the Glenister of the early pages of Beach's novel, who dislikes restraint, who loves the license of the wild country and subscribes to the law of survival of the fittest, might be likened to Canton. But the later Glenister, touched by his love for a woman and striving mightily to tame himself and realize her ideal, is far too principled and noble to rest comfortably in Canton's image.

These middle years of the twentieth century have been the debunking years—a period when a sophisticated nation has looked back upon a wild youth with a hard eye. In the process, many of our frontier heroes, television aside, have been knocked down from legend into history.

As we carry on this reassessment, it is well to remember that today's standards do not fit yesterday's conditions on a wild frontier. By these lights we may judge our frontiersmen more equitably. Frank Canton appears to have been neither saint nor sinner. Whatever else he was, he was a product of his times.

Despite a long and active frontier life, much of it in an official capacity, Frank Canton is comparatively unknown. It is surprising that so rich a character has been by-passed as a subject for biographical attention. My central obligation in preparing this study is to Edward Everett Dale, research professor of history emeritus of the University of Oklahoma, for putting me onto Canton's real name, not an easy thing to come by; for editing *Frontier Trails* (Boston, 1930), the basic source on the man; and for reviewing my manuscript as only one who knew the Canton family personally could do.

In developing the early Joe Horner story I have used official army records in the National Archives; Carrie J. Crouch's *A History of Young County, Texas* (Austin, 1956) and Ida Lasater Huckabay's *Ninety-four Years in Jack County* (Austin, 1949); and Jack County records with the kind assistance of Mrs. W. T. Garner of the county historical society. C. R. Madsen, Jr., was helpful in supplying material on his famous father, Marshal Chris Madsen.

Adequate bibliographies exist on the Johnson County War, so that little purpose would be served in listing the many sources consulted on that subject, all of which contain Canton references. A. S. Mercer's *The Banditti of the Plains* (Norman, 1954) is essential, while D. F. Baber's *The Longest Rope* (Caldwell, 1940), an eyewitness account by Bill Walker, is interesting for flavor if used with caution. Note should be taken of Struthers Burt's *Powder River* (New York, 1938) in connection with Canton's experiences with Teton Jackson.

For the late years of Canton's life, and in rounding out an interpretation of the man, it is revealing to consult two periodicals: *The Cattleman* for May, 1923 and November, 1927; and *Chronicles of Oklahoma* for December, 1927 and Winter, 1948–49. It was helpful as well to re-read Owen Wister's *The Virginian* (New York, 1902), and Rex Beach's *The Spoilers* (New York, 1905), and necessary to consult *Owen Wister Out West* (Chicago, 1958), edited by Fanny Kemble Wister.

Finally, this note would not be complete unless it acknowledged the valuable assistance of the librarians of the Universities of Oklahoma, Texas, and Wyoming.

June of 1871, that Mowry was dangerously ill and unable to leave his rooms in Washington. When strong enough to undertake a voyage in September to consult an English specialist, he wrote to his close friend, Senator Henry B. Anthony of Rhode Island: "I don't think I have lost my courage, but the constant pain and [the] croakings of the doctors have made me indifferent to any result except a great horror of being an invalid for a long time, of neither use nor pleasure to myself or any one else."

Shortly after his arrival in England, Mowry called on Charles D. Poston, who was then in London, saying that he had very few remaining days on earth. The Arizona pioneer stayed with his moribund friend at the Fenton Hotel for about a week, sleeping in an adjoining room. Mowry died on October 17, 1871, and to his faithful Negro servant Ben was entrusted the melancholy charge of accompanying his master's remains to his native city in Rhode Island. When Senator Anthony learned of Mowry's death, he wrote a sympathetic obituary in the *Providence Journal*. He had but one criticism: "The mistake of Mr. Mowry's life was that he did not offer his sword to his country in the time of her severest trial. Of Northern birth and educated at West Point, he owed this to the government." The passing of this faithful friend of Arizona received but scant notice in the territorial press. The late Frank C. Lockwood in describing the character of Sylvester Mowry, while acknowledging his virtues and talents, deplored his arrogance and self-centered nature and even more his haughty attitude toward those who were born to a class of society which he deemed inferior to his own. The historian concluded that Mowry was not a lovable or winsome man. Nevertheless Lockwood considered it both singular and pathetic that Mowry had not been commemorated "in either song, story, or monumental shaft."

It was Sylvester Mowry, who, more than any other man prior to the Civil War, labored indefatigably in behalf of organization for Arizona. This cherished goal was not achieved before he ceased his personal efforts, but the fault was not his. Unrelated to the adequacy of Mowry's labors, the long delay in the passage of the Arizona bill was the product of the bitter clash between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery forces in the "fitful fifties"—a clash that was intensified after the passage of the fateful Kansas-Nebraska Act and which thwarted the organization not only of Arizona, but of any other territory from 1854 to 1861.

Admittedly a controversial figure and by no means exempt from grave shortcomings, Sylvester Mowry, talented and sensual artilleryman turned miner, politician, and entrepreneur, deserves to be eulogized for disseminating needed information concerning the mineral, agricultural, and other advantages of the then much maligned Gadsden Purchase, for his devotion to the needs of this misunderstood and neglected region, and for his persevering and vigorous efforts to obtain for Arizona an independent government. Like that of Charles D. Poston, another notable friend of the territory, Mowry's destiny was not a happy one. Discredited during the Civil War, Sylvester Mowry suffered ruinous losses in the mines which he developed and made famous, failed to recover his early acclaim, and died a painful death before he was forty, all but forgotten in the territory which embodied his highest aspirations. The ambitious and versatile ex-lieutenant, who was one of Arizona's most articulate and impressive spokesmen, deserved a better fate.

This paper is based on a comprehensive biographical study of Sylvester Mowry. Printed sources include contemporary newspapers: Mowry's *Memoir* (1857) and his *Arizona and Sonora*, which was published in several editions under varying titles; Bert Fireman's "What Comprises Treason," *Arizoniana*, (Winter 1960); the *Congressional Globe*; other congressional documents; and the printed reports of the various companies with which Mowry was associated. Genealogical records are in W. A. Mowry's *The Descendants of Nathaniel Mowry of Rhode Island* (1878) and in a supplement which appeared in 1900. Manuscript sources include documentary material in the National Archives; the Library of Congress; the California State Library in Sacramento; the Huntington Library, San Marino, California; and the Bancroft Library, Berkeley. Several letters from Mowry to Edward J. Bicknall have been published by William Mulder and A. Russell Mortensen in their book, *Among the Mormons* (1958), and others are in the library of Yale University.

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PHILIP W. TOMPKINS PHOTOGRAPH, CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

In the Court House Towers Section, Arches National Monument, Utah. Typical of the many illustrations in the forthcoming book, Standing Up Country *by C. Gregory Crampton (Alfred A. Knopf and the University of Utah Press in association with the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, 1964).*